THE
NATION

DECEMBER 13, 1958 . . 25c

MISSILE MADNESS

Carl Dreher

GOLDEN AGE OF MISERY

Rita Hinden

BOOKS and RECORDS For CHRISTMAS

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LETTERS

Senator Clark Enters a Rebuttal

[*The writer of the following letter is U. S. Senator from Pennsylvania.*]

Dear Sirs: Exigencies of campaigning have delayed my comments on David Wesley's letter, published in *The Nation* October 11, in which Mr. Wesley objects to my support of a strong national defense. He accuses me of having come down with "Forrestal's disease"; "of drawing the time-worn 'deadly parallel'" between our appeasement of the Nazis and our share of appeasing the Reds; and contends that my fear of permitting the Soviets to win supremacy in the arms race is "a fatuous concept in a period of beyond-saturation stockpiles."

It is a comforting habit of many a liberal to emulate the ostrich and put one's head in the sand, ignoring both the realities of the cold war around us and the eventual necessity of balancing the budget to prevent runaway inflation.

The deficiencies of our present defense posture are clear to all who bother to read *The New York Times*. The critical areas are:

1. Inadequate protection against Soviet submarines.

2. The obsolescence of our Strategic Air Force.

3. Our failure to keep pace with the Russians in the ballistic missile field.

4. Our tragic reliance on tactical atomic weapons (a bigger bang for a buck) which cripple our efforts to control brush warfare through conventional means.

5. Our failure to maintain in readiness a mobile force, adequately equipped with air lift, which could move quickly anywhere in the world to resist armed aggression (if we had had to fight in Lebanon we would have been in trouble).

It will take billions of additional dollars to remedy these present defects. If the pot may call the kettle black, I am confident that anyone who believes to the contrary is either ill-informed or, as Mr. Wesley might put it, "fatuous."

JOSEPH S. CLARK

Washington, D. C.

Massachusetts Incident: The Lesser Evil

Dear Sirs: As a product of the "blare loudly and smother small truths" school of political commentary, Margaret Coit has treated us to a fairly readable piece of fiction in her "Incident in Massachusetts" [Nov. 15 issue]. In the contest for the Second Essex District, we are given to understand that the great families who rule the political scene from Prides Crossing, Beverly, Wenham, Hamilton, and Ipswich brought pressure to bear in Warburton's behalf. It is unfortunate that the country seats of the once powerful do not fall in the Second Essex. What is more, a so-called "Essex County Ring" would hardly meddle in small primary races. . . .

A gross exaggeration links suburbanites, socially and politically, with Warburton and the great names of the Commonwealth, in numbers sufficient to sway a minor election. In point of fact, the social strata has changed little in a century. The "station wagon set" drives battered vehicles to haul trash to meet with friends for Sunday morning gossip at the Town Dump. These soft-spoken, self-educated, independent thinkers have sought in the exurbs a refuge from the pressures of city conformity. Thus they try by their votes and their voices at Town Meetin' to perpetuate the unspoiled countryside thru judicious zoning laws, and the unfettered minds of their young with good public-school facilities. They have met a formidable opponent in Albert Elwell, at the town level.

Despite the varied and scurrilous reasons ventured for Mr. Elwell's double defeat (there were two seats at stake in the primary), the basic issue was the decision of the people, in their infrequent flashes of wisdom, to choose the lesser of the evils available. One knew of Barclay Warburton only that apart from being the brunt of ubiquitous political mudslinging, the man had a clean record. One might almost discount his absenteeism from the State House. Albert Elwell, however, is notorious in his little legal vacuum, West Newbury; for political patronage, and for government of the Puppets, by the Puppets, and for the Puppets.

NORMA H. HOBSON

West Newbury, Mass.

Woman as Conservative

Dear Sirs: Eve Merriam's defense of Woman [Nov. 8 issue] as scapegoat for Corporation is very well done, but answers exist. In Kafka's *Das Schloss*, the woman is mysteriously allied with the forces emanating from the castle. Or, if you prefer more lucidity, André Gide (*Corydon*) and Bernard Shaw (*Man & Superman*) consider women as a force for conservatism, which in our times means knuckling under to the Corporation.

GEORGE WHAPLES

Bloomington, Indiana.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1958
VOLUME 187, NUMBER 20

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Humphrey in Moscow

The moral of Senator Humphrey's visit to Moscow is that it rarely hurts for people to talk to each other. Mr. Humphrey went to the Soviet capital to promote Soviet-American cooperation in medical research. Whatever the political differences of the two countries, he felt they could find a common ground in efforts to conquer cancer, heart disease and other ailments which kill and cripple Russian and American statesmen, American and Russian workers, with complete lack of differentiation. His mission might have ended there and been well worth the trip. But while he was in Geneva, the Senator suggested that the exacerbation or amelioration of U.S.-USSR relations depended to a great extent on whether we would insist, at the NATO conference scheduled for December 16, on equipping the West Germans with nuclear arms. This frank facing of the crux of the contention over Germany, in its present phase, probably impressed Mr. Khrushchev, who was no doubt also aware of the fact that Mr. Humphrey will play no minor role in foreign-policy discussions in the next Congress. Whatever Mr. Khrushchev said or did not say in his eight-hour meeting with the Senator, he showed by the sheer length and wordage of the discussion that he considered both the topics and Mr. Humphrey of great importance and that he is not averse to an exploration of differences.

Stop Pawing, Look Around

A standard comic-strip character is the enraged bull who slides on his backside past an elusive toreador and then paws the ground in frustration. This is the unfortunate posture of individuals and organizations who still cannot see any change in Soviet-American relations, except for the worse. Heads down, they keep charging—and pawing. Thus, even while Senator Humphrey emerges from an eight-hour discussion with Nikita Khrushchev without skinned knuckles or a black eye, Americans for Democratic Action—an organization in which Senator Humphrey plays a not uninfluential role—avows again its support for "a balanced defense system unhampered by budgetary limitations," while the Democratic leadership assures Defense Secretary McElroy that he will get his extra billion even before he has asked for it.

The bull can't get his head up and so fails to see what is going on around him. In human terms, this is what the late Dr. Horney called neurotic pessimism. The fact is that while the future is unpredictable in detail, its general outlines can often be discerned by those who live in the present, not exclusively in the past. In the immediate situation, even the headlines can serve as instruments of divination. Mr. Khrushchev cautiously proposes six months—or more—of discussion on the latest Soviet proposals on Berlin. The Rapacki Plan, with modifications, becomes the Gaitskell Plan and Mr. Gaitskell discusses it with Vice President Nixon, who admits that all these matters must look different to Europeans, who have been bombed, than to Americans, who haven't. Mr. Dulles speculates in public that the United States might let the East German officials, as agents of the Russians, supervise traffic in the Berlin corridors. Mr. McElroy, although he wants more money, prepares to drop the Thors and Jupiters, with which he is arming the reluctant British and Italians, in favor of the ICBMs, which he is not going to have in operational condition and quantities for another year at least. President Eisenhower groans at the size of the upcoming budget and appoints a commission to see what cuts can be made in the foreign military-aid program—and about time he did. Similar signs and portents can be culled from almost any week's news. Normally these signs would put reasonably alert minds on notice that a new play was being called, that the signals had been changed. It is about time that the big-armament boys, of both parties, took notice.

The Third Seat in the Cockpit

Something is obviously very wrong in the air-transport business. What is less obvious is that the same trouble afflicts other segments of American industry and will shortly spread to those not yet stricken. One of the underlying causes is the planlessness of labor

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relations and in particular the haphazard way in which technological innovations are flung into the productive system.

Management and labor are now both handicapped by the inclusion, twenty-two years ago, of air transport in the Railway Labor Act. For about half that period the duality worked, after a fashion. But with increasingly rapid and radical changes in the technique of aviation, it is working less and less. Technologically, railroads and airlines are diverging, and it is hardly to be expected that the same body of law should continue to regulate both.

What provision, for example, is made in the Railway Labor Act of 1926, or its amendments, for a situation such as that which has the Air Line Pilots Association embroiled with the Flight Engineers International Association, and the airlines with both? The underlying cause of this dispute is that jet aircraft, flying twice as fast and carrying twice as many passengers, will in the course of a few years supplant propeller-driven planes. Obviously, there are going to be fewer flying jobs unless there is a commensurate increase in air travel, which no one can guarantee. Consequently, the flight engineers and the pilots are fighting over the third seat in the cockpit. This summation ignores the complex technical questions at issue and in other ways is an oversimplification, but it is the most important question at stake.

How can we expect labor difficulties to be resolved in any other way than by strikes and forced unemployment when the free-enterprise system, which prides itself on its technological progressiveness, does not even provide a set of principles which can be applied in some fashion to the problems raised by that same progressiveness? Strikes may be as senseless as they are costly, but when nothing provides better sense, employees will resort to them. There have been labor-management conferences in the past which led to some improvement in mutual understanding. The time of labor leaders, industry executives and government officials might well be spent in a large-scale effort to assess the revolutionary effects of advancing technology and prescribe means for allowing innovation to proceed with less contention and conflict. The government representation would include scientists and engineers. Such a project promises larger returns than merely trying to ferret out labor racketeers, passing "right to work" laws, and limiting mediation to situations which have already boiled up into crises.

Smear Campaigns

The political campaign that culminated in California on November 4 was, as the San Francisco *Chronicle* reports, "the dirtiest in the state's 108-year history." To quote: "False issues were created; characters were smeared; facts were distorted or invented; baseless fears were raised; religious and racial prejudices were openly appealed to." In fact, things reached such a sorry pass that the *Chronicle* was forced to withdraw its endorsement of Senator Knowland "because of excesses committed by some of his campaign managers." (For further details, see our comment in these columns, issue of November 15.) Various plans and proposals are now being advanced to cope with the problem of smear campaigns. One of these *The Nation* heartily endorses. James Bishop, president of Bishop & Associates, a Los Angeles advertising agency, offers two recommendations: (1) That newspapers and radio and TV stations should refuse to accept political copy emanating from non-existent "Committees for This" or "Committees for That" — phrases which, tagged to an ad or spot announcement, supposedly allow any untruth to be stated in the copy; and (2) that each political ad or announcement carry the designation, "Copy for this advertisement prepared by Brown & Smith Advertising Agency," together with the agency's address and telephone number.

Newspaper publishers readily endorse standards set by the Fair Campaign Practices Committee headed by Mr. Charles P. Taft — and then proceeded to accept the vilest copy. It would be a simple matter for them, in concert with radio and TV station owners, to insist on the rule suggested by Mr. Bishop. The slanderous copy which appeared in the California campaign was not prepared by amateurs; it came from some of the state's major advertising firms. If the Advertising Council could induce agencies to adopt Mr. Bishop's proposal, a first major step would have been taken to eliminate smear campaigns in American politics.

Thanks for the Candor

The State Department would like to send one of its Middle East experts — John D. Jernegan — to fill what has become the most delicate diplomatic post in the Middle East, that of Ambassador to Iraq. But the White House would like to send Harrison F. Matthews, who is currently our Ambassador to Austria, thus creating an opening in Vienna for a so far unnamed fat-cat contributor to the GOP's depleted coffers. Diplomatic "bumping" to make room for political appointees has long been standard operating procedure, but it is not often discussed publicly, and with such disarming candor, as has been done in this instance. We know nothing about either Messrs. Jernegan or Matthews, but we suggest that the former be sent to Baghdad, that the latter remain in Vienna, and that the unnamed "contributor" remain in St. Louis or Waukegan or wherever it is that he hangs his hat. Vienna is one of the best listening posts in Europe and, with the German issue in the headlines, it is just as important that we should be ably represented there as that we should have a top-notch ambassador in Baghdad.

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There is no persuasive reason why a lame-duck President should saddle the State Department with lame-duck political appointees when, after a decade of purges and firings and enforced resignations in our foreign service, we so badly need expert diplomats in the key posts.

Senator Gruening

Alaskan voters are to be congratulated on the preferences registered in their first state election, particularly in their decision to send Ernest Gruening to the Senate. We never doubted that they would choose as Senator a man who had served them so well for thirteen years as territorial Governor, and who had been the spearhead of Alaska's struggle for statehood. No doubt *Nation* editors have often created the impression that they fancied themselves as Senatorial caliber, but this is the first time that one of us has made it. Senator Gruening was *The Nation's* managing editor (1920-1923) and editor (1933-1934). Before Mr. Gruening's term is over, we are confident that the citizens of the other forty-eight states will be as pleased as we are that Alaskan voters decided to send him to Washington.

Whales and Submarines

The Soviet submarine menace is one of the favorite bogeys of American admirals and can be depended on to scare any American Legion convention half to death. For their part, the Russians can't be too happy about our own fleets of Polaris-equipped undersea craft. Meanwhile, swimming the oceans amid these hostile forces, we find, in still large though decreasing numbers, that obsolete leviathan, the whale, which has survived without benefit of radar, sonar, torpedoes, missiles, missile-torpedoes, and all the other contraptions of modern naval technology. The whale community is not aware of the fact, but for several weeks past it has been the subject of an international conference in London, attended by delegates from Japan, Norway, Holland and the Soviet Union, as well as Great Britain as the host government. The whale is an important article of commerce for these nations, and the purpose of the conference is to agree, if possible, on a global total for the annual catch, and national quotas within that total. The prospects for agreement, according to the latest reports, are good. The conviviality of the proceedings is in contrast with the opera bouffe war which Britain and Iceland have been fighting over the Icelandic fisheries. The whale, of course, is not a fish. It is a mammal, like Khrushchev and Eisenhower. Perhaps it has survived, through the operations of inscrutable but sometimes beneficent nature, to teach the great powers that there are things they can agree on even in the midst of disagreement.

The Spender Affair

When an intellectual bomb the size of the Pasternak affair goes off, you are almost bound to get a following wave of secondary explosions. A particularly melancholy one was detonated last November 11, when the New York *Herald Tribune* carried a small dispatch from Winnipeg reporting (but not quoting) Stephen Spender as having said that "Western lack of restraint is as much to blame as the Russians for the pressures brought to bear on Soviet novelist Boris Pasternak." The paper did quote Spender's opinion that Pasternak, if he came out to live in the West, "would be exploited and used as a tool with which to beat the Russians."

Immediately four representatives of the American Committee for Cultural Freedom wrote the *Herald Tribune* to express their sense of "deepest dismay and repugnance" at Spender's remarks. Leaping at the dispatch like trouts at a mayfly, and lashing persons unnamed with their tails, these committeemen declared: "Of all the efforts of liberal intellectuals to blind themselves to the Soviet reality and to shift responsibility to the West for the depredations of Soviet Russia, Mr. Spender's analysis [sic] of the Pasternak case is at once among the most ludicrous and the most tragic."

The violence of this attack sounds like civil war, and indeed Mr. Spender is the editor of *Encounter*, published by the Congress for Cultural Freedom, of which the American Committee is an affiliate. Irving Kristol, until recently Spender's co-editor, thought the committee's words a little harsh and sent a letter to the *Herald Tribune* telling us that Spender has signed a letter of protest addressed by British intellectuals to the Russian authorities, that *Encounter* had published many articles calling *Dr. Zhivago* to the attention of the world, and suggesting that Mr. Spender's remarks, if indeed he made them, should be overlooked as the vagary of a poet. He likened the American committee to a "schoolmarm who must wrap the knuckles of every naughty intellectual, at every opportunity, lest the class get unruly."

This crack did not sit very well, and Arnold Beichman, chairman of the committee, was soon heard from with another half-column of free copy for the *Herald Tribune*. Poets, he said, were people just like philosophers or clothing manufacturers, and he somewhat cryptically described Spender's ambiguous attitude as an example of "the kind of confusion which . . . can only be taken to demonstrate an insufficient understanding of the inevitable connection between Communist culture and Communist politics."

By this time Mr. Spender was back in London and had caught up with the letters column of the *Herald Tribune*. He therefore brought the correspondence to a prompt close by informing the paper that he had not said what had been attributed to him. He had seen a

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headline in the Winnipeg *Free Press* — "Pasternak Grovels to Khrushchev" — and, when an interviewer from the same paper asked his opinion of the case, said that we should try to understand Pasternak's position, his love of his country, his reluctance to undertake a life in exile, etc. The reference to pressure, obviously, was to the sorrows being heaped on Pasternak, not only by Soviet tyranny but by the West's readiness to pass judgment on his behavior. He did say that it did not help Pasternak to use his name for the purposes of propaganda, but no one seems to care to argue with him on that point.

So now, presumably, the Spender affair is over (unlike the Pasternak affair, which tragically continues), and no one is very badly hurt. But that is because Western society is still relatively free, and a man has both friends who will speak for him and the right to speak for himself.

The American Committee for Cultural Freedom did not contribute much of friendship or freedom to the incident. Picking up an attributed statement, assuming the worst without troubling to check, constituting itself the moral judge of any man who calls himself an intellectual, it leaped on Spender, not with the arguments of reason, but with the bullying abuse of passion. A committee devoted to culture and freedom might well consider how far its public spanking of an internationally respected poet and editor differs from the invective uttered by the Union of Soviet Writers when it expelled Pasternak.

EXPERTS FOR HIRE . . *by Jane Stolle*

United Nations

INDEPENDENCE, democracy, dictatorship: the political drama is repeated with disturbing regularity—in Indonesia, the Sudan, Pakistan, Thailand, perhaps Ghana—as colonial ties are broken and new countries come into being. Why? What quality do these countries have in common that seems to lead them inexorably into the third act?

They are all "underdeveloped" — not just in terms of natural and industrial resources, but in the trained manpower needed to take over after the colonial power pulls out.

Who had supervised the road-building, headed the hospitals, directed the post office, collected the customs, superintended the schools? The colonial power — badly, sometimes, and usually in its own self-interest. But there *was* an administrative structure.

Suddenly, on Independence Day, the understudies take over the star roles. Postal clerks become postmaster generals, law clerks become judges and ditch-diggers turn into engineers. A few nationals know their parts well, have trained for them. But there are never enough, and the result is a poor performance. The audience — promised more for their help in ejecting the old colonial cast — starts throwing eggs, looking for the exits. Taking advantage of the confusion, the most forceful actor, or a bully-boy in the pit, tears up the script, and the curtain rings down on democracy.

Not that offers aren't coming from every quarter to help with the production. The West, the East, the Pan-Arabs, the Pan-Africans, the Pan-Asians — everybody would like to get into the act. But who draws up the contract? What about that fine print? And in any case, there is no point to switching from one fallen angel to another.

Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that the underdeveloped nations have responded enthusiastically to a new U.N. plan for international administrative assistance. Hesitant at first, fearful that invisible colonial strings might still be attached to the offers of assistance, the underdeveloped nations hurried to sign up as soon as their apprehensions were allayed by Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjold in his report on the plan.

Called the "United Nations Asistance in Public Administration Plan," it will go into effect early in 1960.

The underdeveloped countries have no trouble translating the awesome title into practical terms. To them it means help in running their countries — without a political price tag. It means expert international aid in planning their communications systems, their urbanization, their health and education programs, their industrial and agricultural development. And it doesn't mean aid in just an advisory capacity. To quote Mr. Hammarskjold, who professed a "deep personal interest" in the plan:

> It will provide for the kind of an expert who will take off his coat and illustrate his recommendations by actually doing a job — *always, of course, in accordance with the policy and under the control of the* [*host*] *government itself.*

The tenor of the italicized words runs throughout the provisions of the plan. This, the text seems to say, is no deep-dyed plot to tamper with sovereign rights or sensibilities. The expert will be recruited through the United Nations, and may come from any one of sixty-odd nations — but while he is on the job, he will be responsible to the host government alone. Furthermore, according to the Technical Assistance program (of which the new plan is a part), the expert is offering "*temporary* assistance in filling executive or operational posts in administrative machinery."

Hugh Keenleyside, Director General of the U.N. Technological Assistance Administration and father

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of the plan, says the goal of the "visiting" expert will be to work himself out of a job as soon as possible. This he will do by intensive training, as he goes along, of his national successor. He may — by mutual consent — leave even before the job is finished if an incompatible situation, such as a personality clash, develops.

Such personnel problems, however, are highly unlikely. The experts who will be called upon are all top men in their own countries and in their own professions. "These men are part of a new group of internationalists developing in the postwar world," said Wilfred P. Barrett, Director of the U.N. Technical Assistance Recruitment Service, who has spent the past eight years fitting thousands of the right people into as many jobs for the Technical Assistance Administration. "They have a sense of responsibility to the world at large. They find their work rewarding not only because they are helping to create something, but because they are widening their own scope in the process."

To get a picture of what these men are already doing, let's take a look at a sample year — 1958 — of their activity in India under the Expanded Program of Technical Assistance. They have been in India in an advisory capacity and responsible to the U.N. (as differentiated from the new plan's provisions for administrators, who will be responsible to the host country; but while the hats will be different, the faces under them, in many cases, will be the same).

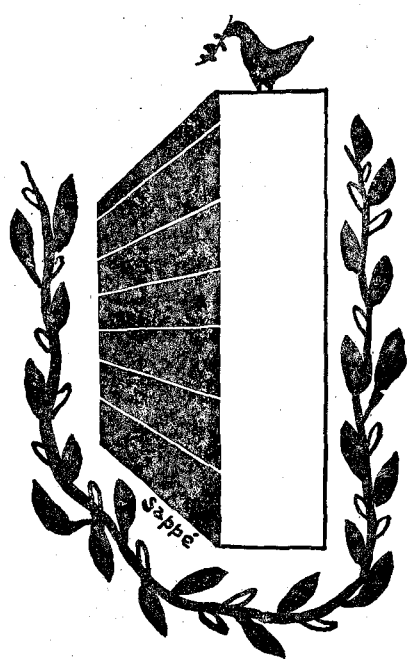
Thirty-seven men from thirteen countries gave India a hand this year. They came from the Netherlands, France, Sweden, the United Kingdom, Denmark, the United States, the USSR, Belgium, Canada, Norway, Switzerland, El Salvador and Burma. All had a working knowledge of English, India's second language.

Among them were statisticians to teach the Indians how to gather and assess vital figures on births and deaths, the animal population, etc., as bases for planning programs. There were geologists, demographers, physiotherapists, hydro-electric engineers, chemical and mining engineers, insecticide experts, ceramicists, economists. There were six computer technicians — all from the USSR — who came to explain the computers they brought with them. There was a lighthouse expert whose job was to improve and install new equipment in fifty-eight lighthouses. The lighthouse expert, William Barratt, an Englishman, is a typical member of the new "international set." He has not only gone through all phases of the manufacture of lighthouse equipment, but he has set up beacons in Trinidad, Burma, Ceylon, Turkey, the Bahamas, Gibraltar and Holland, among other places.

Turkey, in 1953, asked help for its Institute for Public Administration, a training school for government officials; Dr. Gunner Heckscher, of Sweden, an eminent professor of Political Science, was sent. Ernest Gergely of Yugoslavia, a leather-products expert, went to Indonesia to bring the leather industry there out of the cobblers' shop into the factory, as he had done for his own government and for many others.

The list goes on and on. And so do the requests for expert aid, with an ever-increasing emphasis on Hammarskjold's "expert who will take off his coat" — the administrator.

The delegate from Nepal "strongly welcomed" the new plan, and foresaw that his own country would be one of those to avail itself of the service. His country needs managers for its commercial bank and for its electricity department. The Sudan needs an administrator for the Department of Statistics. Calls from other countries have come in for a director for a materials-testing laboratory, an air-navigation expert to handle operations, a specialist to organize a government office of weights and measures, a chief for a meteorological service, an engineer to head a post and telegraph service. And the plan is just in its infancy.



There seems to be no doubt that the demand will outstrip the thirty experts who will be made available for the "experimental" first year of the plan (which is to be examined after a year, and its future decided upon). But even these thirty for a while seemed too many to some of the colonial powers. Every day, it seems to them, their late charges are slipping further from their grasp and into the international hands of the United Nations. Even the United States and the USSR joined Belgium, the Netherlands, France and the United Kingdom in viewing the plan dimly during the debate upon it. But, in the face of the enthusiastic reception from the underdeveloped countries, and reassured somewhat by the careful limitations attached to the final text, they finally bowed out of the fight — ungracefully, but out.

So, for at least a year, and in at least a few countries, politically neutral operational experts will help to lessen political pressures — both domestic and foreign — on underdeveloped countries. Governments can put flesh on their administrative skeletons. They can begin to keep promises made to the people. They can make progress, instead of just plans. There will be less dissatisfaction with their performances, fewer chances for heckling by the opposition.

"It's like teaching a child to button his own coat and tie his own shoes at an early age," said one sponsor of the plan (from an underdeveloped country, incidentally). "It makes him independent, gives him self-confidence, and frees his mind to deal with more important things."

The plan may even set the scene for a new version of the political drama: Independence, Democracy— and no Act III.

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GOLDEN AGE of MISERY . . *by Rita Hinden*

London

DECENT PEOPLE in Britain were shocked to the core when race rioting broke out in two British cities last November. Both riots occurred in seedy areas where a large number of West Indian immigrants had found homes during the last few years. The chief culprits appear to have been young men of the Teddy-boy type, sometimes coming from other neighborhoods for a "lark." They were not short of money; they had suffered no personal affront. But here at last, so it seemed, was adventure, a chance to win a sense of importance, to stand for once in the limelight. "You think I am a nobody," one of them is reported to have shouted as he struck a defenseless colored man.

Stiff sentences of imprisonment and the pressure of a law-abiding public opinion soon put a stop to the riots. But these incidents have underlined the increasing anxiety which many thoughtful people have begun to feel about developments in our modern industrial societies. There are two contradictory trends at work. On the one hand is the spectacular economic progress of the years since the war, which has meant not merely greater wealth for a privileged minority (as might have been the case in the nineteenth century); it has also meant rising living standards for almost everyone. The strong trade unions and an egalitarian political philosophy (call it "Socialist" or anything else) have seen to that! At the same time, a growing sensitivity of the social conscience has insisted that increasing welfare provisions should be made for the old, the young, the ill, the unemployed, the down-and-out.

Today the whole range of educational opportunities is open to all who can make the grade; there are opportunities for entertainment and leisure pursuits before which our ancestors would have rubbed astonished eyes. What at one time were the preserves of the favored few are now the commonplaces of everyday life for the vast majority.

On the other hand, look beneath the surface and a ferment of discontents becomes visible—not the measurable discontents of poverty, wicked inequalities of wealth, wretched living and working conditions, or opportunities denied, but discontents which are unfocused and inarticulate, defying measurement in any quantitative terms. There is the pervading "apathy," the widespread sense of "purposelessness," the preoccupation with violence in public entertainment, the growth of crime in general and of "outcast" behavior among young people in particular. We know the basic reason, for it has been analyzed repeatedly by social psychologists. "Large-scale industrial societies with their immense bureaucracies, operating . . . in society at large, in industry, in trade unions, and in practically every other institution, do not provide the individual with the companionship, the sense of participation, and the sense of significance which he requires for his well-being. He is a mere number, a client, a cog, a member of an age-group, a holder of an insurance card. In the cold impersonal world, he needs the warmth of cooperation; in a society so large that he cannot grasp it adequately, except in times of crisis, he wants to be implicated in an enterprise which has caught his imagination . . . he longs for ego-involvement."*

There is, to put it in a nutshell, a curious schizophrenia in the societies we are creating. Looked at from one point of view, the individual is its darling; from another, he is its victim. Never before has so much attention and care been given to each separate person as in some of the comprehensive welfare states of the West; never before has he had the opportunities for comfort, leisure and pleasure as in our increasingly prosperous and increasingly egalitarian economies. Yet never before has he felt he "counted" so little, or had such difficulty in making any distinctive contribution. The care and attention he receives come when he is ill, or has in some way fallen by the wayside; benevolent social services then rush to his rescue. But let him be well and secure, with his money jingling in his pockets, and society disregards him; the large town in which he lives, the scale of any organization to which he belongs, his status at work, all reduce him to nothingness. He does not know how to fill his leisure hours in any satisfying way. His entertainment is left to commercial interests to provide, and these cultivate his worst tastes and pander to his lowest instincts.

TO SAY that these are, after all, democracies, and if people feel "excluded" it is their own fault, is too facile an argument. Of course everyone who wants can vote in elections, or attend union meetings, or play games at a youth club if he is the right age; but none of this meets the real need of people to "count" and in some way to contribute. This deeper, and only real, meaning of democracy is being lost in the problems created by the sheer *size* of everything. The individual does not feel that he has a significant place in our organized social institutions; the authorities which rule his destiny seem far beyond his control. People appear to be divided between those "inside" who have power and responsibility, and those "outside" who have not. This is as true within political parties—even Socialist parties—as anywhere else; they also have "Establishments" of their own. (The spread of the concept of the "Establishment" is symptomatic of our present discontents; everything can be blamed on some anonymous forces which are thought to control everything.) The result is that many people turn inward for their pleasures, presenting the blank face of apathy to the outside world. Or, if they are young and high-spirited,

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**Human Groups* by W. H. J. Sprott, p. 184. Penguin.

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they turn to the antics of the gang.

It is, then, this problem of size which is bedeviling our modern societies—size and the concentrations of power which are its corollary. If inequalities of wealth were at the root of nineteenth-century discontents, inequalities of power are at the root of our present-day frustrations. Yet in none of our democracies have political parties succeeded in giving tongue to these frustrations and analyzing them effectively, let alone showing what could be done about them. Politics still deal, for the most part, with the problems of twenty or fifty years ago, not with the problems of today. Politicians still talk as if the most important need were to put yet more money in people's pockets. Whatever injustices there are, are seen in measurable, monetary terms—too little spent on this, or too much on that, too low wages or too high profits, too few schools or too many expense allowances. But none of this reaches down to the real sources of the present malaise. None of it talks simply and clearly to the common man, helping him to understand the frustrations which he finds too complex to express and showing the possibilities of a different content to his life.

Why is there this blockage in ideas? Why have our radicals failed so signally to push thought out of its established ruts at a time of such rapidly-moving social change? The trouble is that they have become imprisoned in the past; in Britain—but not only in Britain—we have the strange phenomenon that the more "Left" people have considered themselves, the more unremittingly they have fought *against* the emergence of new attitudes. Whether they call it by that name or not, whether they accept or reject it, the Marxist analysis of society has cut deeply into their thinking. Their eyes remain fixed on "the economic system," the productive process and the distribution of the product. They seem unable to outgrow the nineteenth century.

BUT THERE is another reason. We have all become hopelessly imprisoned in material *values.* The great Moloch to which all bow the knee is money — the commonly-accepted ideal is more and more production and then more and more consumption. The result is a refusal to confront the problems of size and power honestly, because the Moloch, so it is believed, can be served only through massive concentrations of industry and population and power. To humanize, to decentralize, to put a brake on the machine, would mean "setting the clock back," reducing efficiency, producing less, consuming less. Our concern is not with the content of men's lives, but only with the "standard of living." And as long as this is so, there is nothing to pit against the forces of materialism which now dominate the greater part of the world. So the sociologists and psychologists write their painstaking books, telling us just what is wrong in our societies; but the politicians do not read them, or if they do, they cannot see how to put the findings into political focus. The language is alien to them.

How this impasse is to be broken is one of the great problems of the twentieth century. How can we give people "the sense of participation and the sense of significance" which, inarticulately, they yearn for—in their work, in their neighborhood, in the organizations they would join if only they were made attractive to them? How can we offer them entertainment which will excite the best and not the worst in them? How can some point be given to their lives now that, by and large, they have money enough? These are the most challenging social problems of today. It is only when we recognize them as such that we will muster the determination to find the solution. In the meantime, we will wallow among all the goods and gadgets which wealth can bring, while the fiber of our society disintegrates.

TENEMENTS and CADILLACS.. *Norman Thomas di Giovanni*

Boston, Mass.

THE NORTH END—Boston's Italian quarter—is a closed city within a city. Surrounding it like the walls of a medieval town are the waterfront on one side, and on the other an express elevated highway, a two-block-wide aerial ribbon of steel, concrete and asphalt. And as if these enclosing barriers were not enough, there exists beyond the "walls" a no-man's land, inhabited only by day, of commercial buildings, offices, wholesale meat and produce markets, factories, warehouses and wharves, which adds further protection against the encroachment of outsiders. So the quarter is a tiny, closed city resting on a good portion of the heart and soul of colonial-Revolutionary old Boston.

Within these rigid confines, in a postage-stamp area less than a half-mile square (roughly the area of the Boston Common plus the Public Garden), live 16,000 Italians. But a true picture of the prevailing congestion cannot be drawn without noting the large number — dozen upon dozen—of North End buildings and areas used for purposes other than habitation: stores, factories, warehouses, churches, a few schools, many restaurants, single-lot playgrounds, historical sites, minuscule parks and even a pre-Revolutionary burial ground.

The 16,000, then, inhabit great brick tenements, jammed together four to five stories high, ancient, dark, dirty, run-down — some so bad they remain boarded up and untenanted. A new façade often conceals structures a hundred or more

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years old, for in the North End there is a real marriage of American and foreign, and one may see anywhere two or three new stories, with baroque fire escapes, added onto very simple early nineteenth-century buildings. Here is a maze of tiny streets and alleys, the streets bearing in most cases the names they held in colonial times: Prince and Hanover, Charter and Snow Hill and Salutation; twisted little ways wide enough for eighteenth-century man and his horse and cow, but not for today's Italians with their Oldsmobiles and Cadillacs, which they often park jauntily on the sidewalks. Lined with parked automobiles, many streets are plastered with refuse and garbage and the leftovers of the pushcart peddlers and grocers who pour their goods onto the sidewalks and along the curbing. While above this—on the roofs above the clothes hanging to dry between fire escape and fire escape, and dead-end alleys and walls covered with graffiti—a few old men go on fashioning huts and pigeon lofts out of discarded crates and, amid the omnipresent forest of television antennas, attempt to cultivate tomato gardens, an occasional fig tree, perhaps a few flowers.

INSIDE the tenements, the apartments—always spoken of as "rooms"—are small and dark and as many-celled as hives. Very few have central heating, separate toilets or their own bathing facilities. Every room is usually overburdened: furniture (either uniformly old or uniformly, jazzily modern), framed family photographs, modern appliances, clothing (for there are few closets), plaster statues of saints, holy pictures, and useless, or no longer usable, shabby, broken or run-down items—the accumulated possessions of a have-not people.

As a class, North Enders are working people: first and second generation Americans (with a third generation in its infancy), together with a vast number of recent arrivals from the south of Italy. They hold fiercely independent ideas about the work they do—they minimize their labors and, especially among the young men, give the impression of *lazzaroni*—but are nonetheless endlessly industrious. They are also physically clean, well-fed, well-dressed, comfortable and poor. There is general semi-literacy, and in practical affairs it hardly matters whether one speaks English or Italian, since the community is perfectly bilingual. The Italian they speak is more accurately described as a polyglot of southern dialects, incorporating Italianized American words, just as their English is English that will not be heard elsewhere in America. North Enders have this tendency toward being uniquely apart: not quite Italian, not quite American. And despite the work of four churches and several parochial and public schools, spiritually the people remain impoverished.

GAMBLING fills the spiritual vacuum. It is so general and so open that discussing the "numbers" is second nature to the North Ender. It is not uncommon to be stopped in the street early in the morning by someone half-awake and disheveled, and to be feverishly asked—in much the same way a derelict asks for a cigarette—"What was yesterday's number?" Or to see a $10 bill plummet from a fourth-floor window, from which a mother instructs her young daughter in the street below: "Go to C. the bookie and put it on 'Many Harvests.'" Above the racket of the bustling street, the child yells back: "What horse did you say, Mummy?"

Everyone in town knows you don't have to go a third of a block to book a horse, a dog, a number, or to borrow from "the shylock." Everyone knows that certain florists sell no flowers, that certain dry-cleaning establishments clean no clothes. Everyone has seen bookies openly burning their tickets at the edge of the street. Everyone knows that parking a car in the street overnight is permissible for the payment of two or three dollars a week to the police. One also finds plenty of small gambling in the poolrooms among kids who don't appear big enough to reach the tables. And in pastry shops, players feed nickels by the roll to pinball machines, while overhead a sign warns "No Minors, No Gambling." Bets can be placed on anything from World Series games to political elections. And, for a joke, in coffee houses or on street corners, a seven- or eight-year-old will be paid a nickel to say to an appointed person in Italian: "Hey, Ada, your husband is a fairy!" It would be fair to mention, too, that from time to time hot goods are peddled from cars along the street: "Hey, *paesà*, wanna see a real bargain—fit you just right?"

SOON the children are children in size only. One evening in a men's club, next door to a police station, two petty lawbreakers were discussing angles of defense in the face of various crimes in which they had participated. What opened as a general discussion narrowed to a fierce dialogue. The talk went like this:

"No, George, that's where you're wrong. You never admit nothing to the cops. No sir, nothing. Say I come in here and shoot you, and these four guys are witnesses." Dramatically the speaker looked around from face to face, then switched his point of view and tone of voice and began speaking to an imaginary judge to whom North Enders address all legal pleas. "'Your Honor, I didn't do it. These gentlemen don't like me, Your Honor.' You see, George, when you're caught you never admit nothing."

George rushed to answer: "Artha, Artha, you don't know, Artha. The cops are coming up your stairs, two cars full of them. You got a room full of the stuff, radios and TVs—"

But Arthur takes over. "Good evening, officers. Right this way and help yourselves, officers. Take it all, I don't want anything. I'll help you carry it to your cars, officers. 'Where did you get all them TVs?' 'I don't know, Your Honor, they were given to me.'"

"Oh, Artha, you would have liked my cousin Louise. Her right hand don't know what her left one's doing."

Later, when the talk got onto abortions, George turned to his thirteen-year-old son, sitting nearby. "Here, Joey, go buy yourself a banana split." The boy dashed out. The father announced with a broad grin,

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"Joey had four banana splits tonight. Right, Fishcake?" And the talk went on.

But gambling is the real, visible and widespread crime, if it can be called crime. Sometimes the "criminal" is an old woman who can barely walk and cannot read or write, but comes into a bookie parlor and puts down her nickel and a slip of paper on which someone else has written the number of her choice. On this social level gambling is a disease bred by lack of opportunity. On other levels, say that of Wall Street, it may be a respected and restricted profession.

ENOUGH about gambling. Of crimes of violence—armed robbery, assault—the North End is free. It has to be: the North End must stay clean because so many small-time gangsters and racketeers live here and work to keep their own yards clean so that attention or detection will not fall their way. The visitor's idea of the North End, which is that crime and violence lurk everywhere, just is not so. As a matter of fact, the North Enders sometimes do their own effective policing—and mete out their own justice. At the foot of Hanover Street is a Coast Guard station, and a few years back coast guardsmen were being beaten and robbed on their way home at night by North End hoodlums. Before the police could get to first base in solving the crimes, certain racketeers made an investigation of their own, found the guilty ones and sent them both to the hospital with severe beatings.

This primitive conception of justice is rather natural to the background of a people who in general are suspicious of laws. Theirs is a live-and-let-live idea which North Enders express as "You be a gentleman, I'll be a gentleman."

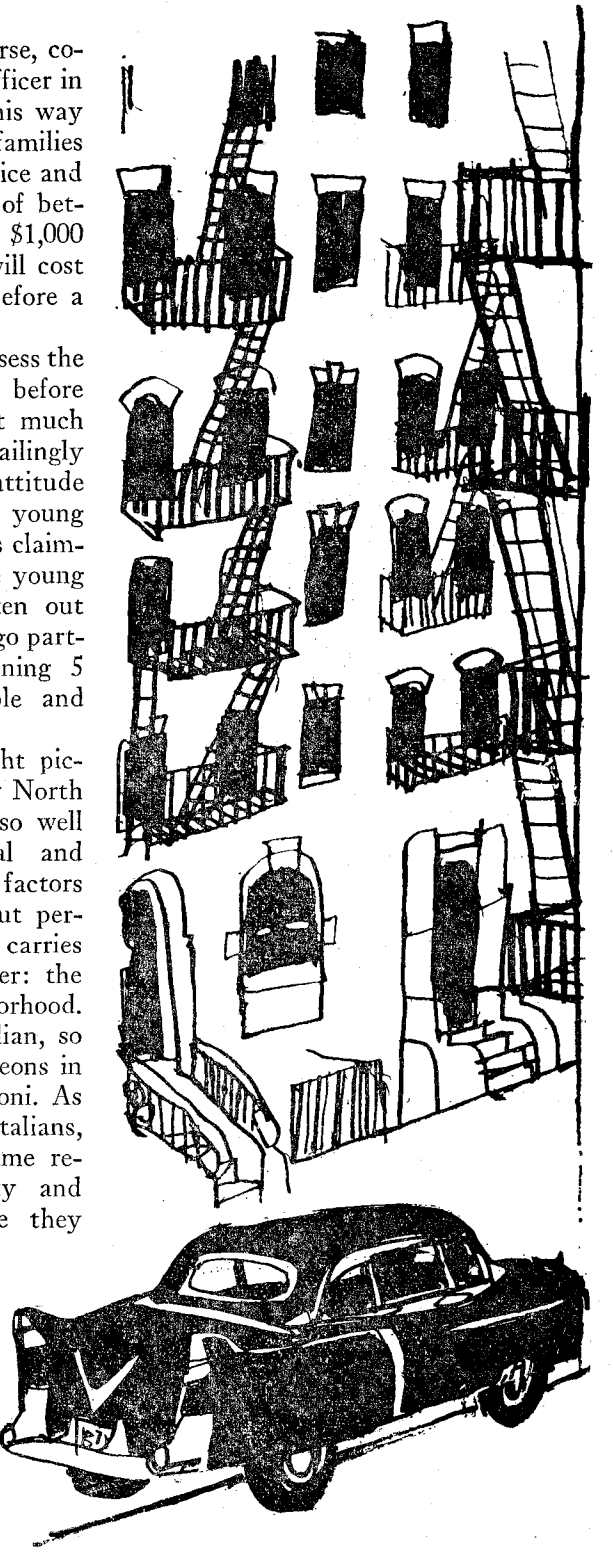
What cataclysmic effect does all this have on the youth of the North End? Apparently very little, if we can go by the informal record. No statistics are available concerning juvenile problems in the city of Boston, but something may be derived from the fact that the North End area has in its police station only one juvenile officer, while other sections of the city have two and three, and one section has four. Juvenile crimes in the North End are chiefly breaking-and-entering affairs. Lethal weapons appear to be nonexistent; all the juvenile officer has collected from his troop is one bull whip, one dog chain (used as a knuckler), and about fifteen or twenty pocket jackknives of the kind which would be standard gear for any Huckleberry Finn.

The local schools, of course, cooperate with the juvenile officer in every possible way. But his way is a little thorny among families who are not fond of the police and who, moreover, can think of better things to do with the $1,000 they believe any trouble will cost them if they have to go before a court.

It is always difficult to assess the effects of law enforcement before a crime is committed, but much can be said for the prevailingly liberal and understanding attitude shown in the area toward young offenders. At any rate, it is claimed that 85 per cent of the young people in trouble straighten out happily; about 10 per cent go partway bad, and the remaining 5 per cent prove incorrigible and end badly.

This is a relatively bright picture, and one wonders how North End youth can turn out so well considering their physical and moral environment. Many factors are involved, of course; but perhaps there is one which carries more weight than any other: the homogeneity of the neighborhood. The North End is all Italian, so much so that even the pigeons in the streets eat raw macaroni. As a little, closed city of Italians, they are one, with the same religion, money, opportunity and aspirations. And therefore they are at peace.

BUT THE North End, as a community, is a freak, an accident, from which little can be learned that is applicable elsewhere. We cannot very well divide and isolate communities of peoples, and put barriers between them, integrating each community on the basis of origin, income and general capability. That's the criminal work of fascism. We have simply got to shed more and more light on our human oneness in a world that daily becomes smaller and more crowded, a kind of North End of the universe.



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MISSILE MADNESS . . *by Carl Dreher*

THE FIRING of an Atlas missile for the full ICBM distance may seem joyful tidings for Christmas, but a little reflection will dampen the spirits of celebrants who may be inclined to give an occasional thought to what such a flight actually means and where the whole missile development is taking us. In the stillness of the night, or on awakening to another precarious day, they may be able to detach themselves from the splendor of hurling a hundred tons into the sky and depositing a small fraction, the "payload," in a "target area." Only children delight in noise and force for their own sake. What is the military, diplomatic and economic import of such technological feats and, if the question is not too old-fashioned, what do they signify in human terms? To sum up the answer: they mean more and bigger headaches.

Modern engineering, which has reached its current apogee in nuclear and missiles technology, has been channeled, with scarcely a qualm, into grandiose enterprises of mass destruction. This is something quite new, even if the younger generation of engineers take it for granted that the proper aim of their disciplines is the biggest possible smashup of alien lives and property. As late as the end of the Second World War, technology was predominantly directed to constructive ends. Military applications were derivative and military men did not dominate any branch of creative engineering. Scientists and engineers tended to be squeamish about the lethal uses to which their creations might be put. Leonardo da Vinci, contemplating one of his paper inventions, a submarine vessel, foresaw that its principal use would be in naval operations and—what innocence!—found the prospect so horrible that he suppressed it. Wilbur and Orville Wright did not develop the heavier-than-air machine for military purposes and Orville lived to execrate the bombers of World War II. Radio received an enormous impetus from its military applications in World War I, but its great innovators strove for improved communications and safety at sea. Such was the spirit of pre-World War II technology.

About the Author

Carl Dreher, an engineer by profession before he turned to writing, has been evolving for *The Nation* a critique of the technological-arms race in terms of its political and social implications. In this connection, see "The Showcase War" (November 16, 1957), "Program for a Crash" (February 1, 1958) and "War by Accident" (September 6, 1958).

Mr. Dreher is the author of *Automation,* published last year by W. W. Norton.

All this has been turned upside down. Now military applications come first, with civilian needs as a profitable sideline. The objectives that call forth big money with a minimum of question, while all other causes scrounge and beg, are those of efficient destruction. The bigger the scale on which it may be accomplished, the more of the national resources are unhesitatingly committed. All this, of course, in the name of national survival. Actually, by the most optimistic calculation, it can only result in an endless series of hazardous experiments in which the technicians of the great powers provide the means for the diplomats to threaten one another with increasingly fearful but always inconclusive results.

THE ultimate goal of space travel is sometimes cited as justification for the missiles race. Anyone who believes this belongs on a psychoanalyst's couch. Since the intensity, duration, spatial distribution and frequency of radiation bursts are only now being investigated, it is by no means certain that man can venture into interplanetary space and survive. And if it should prove feasible, what's the hurry? An effective therapy for cardiovascular disease alone would be worth far more to the human race than a few fledgling astronauts setting foot on the moon.

The world's real problems are biological, psychological and social. Space can wait. Most of the world's population has sense enough to see this—there would be no missiles race if the great powers were not at each other's throats. Their real objective is genocide, or anthropocide if need be, and the obsessions of their leaders force them into ever more complex, extravagant, lopsided projects. If sanity should prevail, the missiles race would be converted into a workmanlike competition in an interesting, but not particularly vital, branch of technology.

ASIDE FROM the air-breathing Snark, which would be a rewarding target for the Soviet anti-aircraft gunners, we now have three intercontinental missiles under development. Despite Atlas's recent flight from Canaveral to Ascension Island, none is in a state of combat readiness nor, within a year or two, capable of production in sufficient numbers and with launch-and-flight characteristics which could force the Russians to take them seriously. In its December 1 issue, *Newsweek* wrote that "the day is imminent" when, "if the Kremlin made the most appalling mistake in history and called for a nuclear showdown, the U.S. Commander in Chief could flash the ultra-secret coded signal and dispatch Atlas missiles toward Moscow or Sverdlovsk or Vladivostok or some Soviet atomic factory high on the Air Force's target list." This is pure bombast. If the Kremlin did anything of the sort (and its behavior during the past few years indicates the opposite), we should have to rely on the bombers of the Strategic Air Command, not on existing experimental ICBMs or the more or less operational ICBMs which SAC may have at its disposal next year or in 1961.

The Atlas has been ready for a long experimental flight for some time. No less than fifteen Atlases have been fired from Canaveral. Of the first eight, equipped only with a booster engine, four flew successfully over a range of about 600

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miles. In July of this year, a fully-powered Atlas took off but was aborted by a failure of the control system. The next three achieved flights of about 3,000 miles. In September, one which was aimed over the full 6,300 miles blew up, but on November 17 another 3,000-mile flight was made. Since the engineers often learn more from what the public regards as a failure than they do from a completed flight, there was no longer much doubt that an Atlas could be sent into an intercontinental trajectory.

THIS STILL gives little information on the weapon's combat capability. The hydrogen "payload" which an Atlas can be expected to carry at intercontinental range is much smaller than that of a manned bomber. The advantage of the Atlas, or any other fast missile, is that there is no present defense against it, while relatively few manned bombers can be expected to get through. But the smaller payload requires proportionately greater accuracy in delivery. Even if the missile does well on one or more flights, it does not follow that it can duplicate the results consistently enough for serious military calculations. "Target area" as a criterion of performance is well-nigh meaningless. Major General Donald N. Yates, in command at Canaveral, being asked what the phrase meant, replied, "Of course it landed in the target area. The target area is the Atlantic Ocean and that is hard to miss." The General was explaining, by facetious exaggeration, why the dimensions of the target area are not given in the publicity handouts about missile development.

The guidance system of the Atlas is a joint product of General Electric and the Burroughs Corporation. The guidance and control functions determine the accuracy with which the missile can be put on target. The Atlas guidance system is not regarded as highly "sophisticated." Sophistication is vital since, with a missile traveling 18,000 feet per second (about 12,300 miles per hour), a difference in speed of one foot per second at engine cutoff may result in a difference of about one mile in the point of impact, and this is only one in a maze of interrelated variables.

Of course these problems are just as tough for the Soviet missile guiders. It may also be reassuring that so far our people have always excelled in electronics. The Russians are ahead of us in engine thrust, but if there is any evidence that their missile accuracy is better than ours, it has not been declassified.

The Titan, designed to succeed the Atlas, has the same basic defects, but may be expected to have superior guidance. The contractors for the Titan guidance system are Western Electric, Bell Telephone Laboratories, American Bosch Arma and Remington Rand. This impressive assemblage of electronic and control talent will not, however, be brought to bear on the ICBM situation very soon, for the Titan is, at the very least, a year behind the Atlas. It has not been off the ground, and many missilemen consider it obsolescent even before its pre-flight development is completed. Like Atlas, it is a liquid-fueled rocket, with all the disadvantages of a long countdown and unavailability for instant retaliatory firing, since liquid oxygen must be pumped into its tanks just before launching.

Missiles with formidable destructive capacities and good launch characteristics will be developed by both sides. But fortunately—since it gives us a chance for negotiation and control—the present generation of missiles doesn't qualify. These contraptions are sometimes likened to the Model-T Ford. This is unfair; the Model-T was quite a good small automobile. Today's missiles, despite their complexity and some truly marvelous technical features, are more like the road locomotives of the early nineteenth century.

THUS THE BIG rush in missile development, with a view to early production, may result in less, rather than greater, security — assuming that there is any security in missiles for anybody. It could be justified only as a desperate measure to counter an imminent Soviet assault by trying to convince the Soviets that we were capable of more punishing reprisals than we could actually expect to inflict; or, if it came to a showdown, perhaps making some lucky hits with our ICBM equipment. It also presupposes very little confidence in our SAC bombing force. Otherwise a more scientific, longer-range approach is indicated. *Fortune Magazine,* which makes more sense in technological matters than most of the media, reports in the June, 1958, issue ("The Economic Impact of Defense," by Charles E. Silberman and Sanford S. Parker):

> Many missile experts strongly oppose a speedup in ICBM production beyond what has been scheduled; they would prefer to use the money to spur development of a much greater number of approaches to missilry. Selection of a single or even just a few systems at this early stage will prove far more expensive in the long run, these experts argue, for technology is changing so rapidly that the military might well end up having backed the wrong horse. Despite this, missile production is now expanding at a rapid rate.

This is extremely pertinent. The missile effort is in the charge of an administration committed to keeping the federal budget more or less in balance, and at the same time dealing gently with the military leaders and their allies in Congress who oppose every proposed reduction in manpower. The manpower-missiles conflict is aggravated by constantly rising "hardware" costs. It is from missiles that the military inflationary spiral receives its greatest impetus. Big-missile administrators think in terms of billions, and nobody pauses to consider any longer that a billion is a thousand million, and that even a million is a fair amount of money. A few examples of fiscal exuberance in the missiles field may be cited. A single ICBM wing (sixty Atlases) will cost about $1 billion, (mostly for facilities, with the missiles accounting for about $100 million of the total); a fleet of thirty Polaris submarines, $3 billion according to the *Wall Street Journal*; for a fleet of forty of the same, $7 billion according to *Fortune*. (*Business Week* rightly says that accurate figures are hard to come by in missiles and associated

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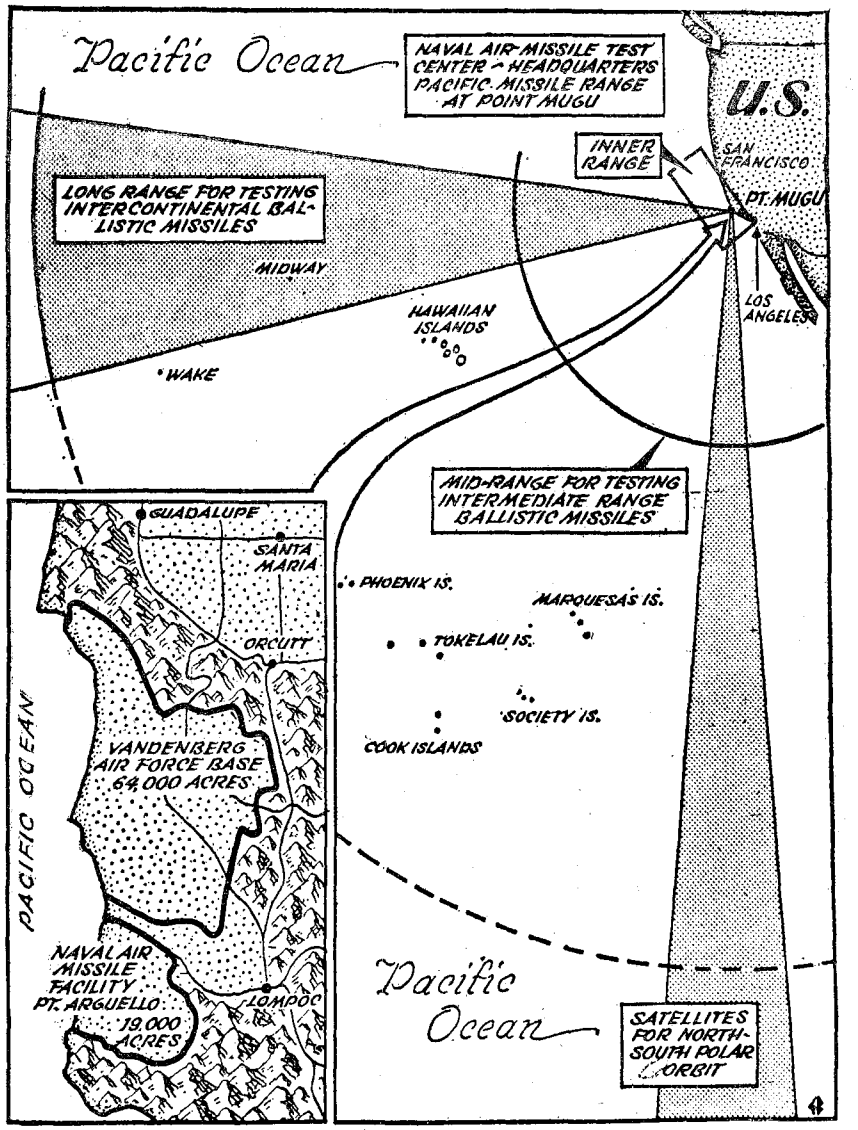
equipment, but even at the lower estimate, quite a piece of change is involved.) The Air Force's Bomarc, a short-range missile designed for defense against manned aircraft, has been under development for some eleven years, still isn't operational, and has already cost $1.7 billion. The cost of its successor, the Army's Nike-Zeus, an anti-missile missile which God himself, were He an engineer, could not say will work, is projected at $7 billion.

We don't need to fly to the stars: we already have astronomical magnitudes here on earth. Yet not so long ago, starting with nothing but ideas and under wartime conditions, the Manhattan District produced an atomic bomb in about four years at a cost of $2 billion.

SO MUCH money is invested in a single big missile, such as the Titan, that its discontinuance is almost inconceivable until at least a few units have been fired in a final demonstration of its obsolescence. The secrecy which shrouds all but the broad characteristics of missiles, and the publicity power of the corporations which find missile production a bonanza, a profitable sideline, or at least a stabilizing element in the ups and downs of the business cycle, together insure that any earlier showing that public moneys and resources are being wasted will be ignored. Hitler is credited with the observation that the bigger the lie, the more likely it is to receive credence. Analogously, waste on a gargantuan scale, and in the sacred name of national defense, will never be exposed. The personal interests of the corps of administrators, engineers, technicians and petty beneficiaries work to the same end. It takes years before the stage is set for a showdown between those who have nurtured a monstrosity and those who have a greater monstrosity on the drawing boards. When the latter finally prevail, the victory is a hollow one, for most of the money has already been spent in research and development and the production of the first few units. Of course, some education has been obtained, but it is the most expensive education in all history.



Map by APN

Vandenberg-Arguello Missile Base Complex

The upcoming monstrosity in the ICBM field is the Air Force's Minuteman, presently estimated at $3-4 billion for the 3,000-4,000 units which the Air Force envisions. Minuteman is a more plausible weapon than such dodoes as Atlas and Titan, since it is designed for solid-fuel propulsion and should be capable of prompt firing from "hard," or relatively invulnerable, bases. But Minuteman is only just out of the study stage; development of components has hardly commenced. Avco, North American, Thiokol and Aerojet are in on this one, with a general contractor still to be chosen. No matter how hard it is pushed, Minuteman cannot be a combat factor till between 1962 and 1965. The wide range of guesses as to the operational date shows how uncertain the estimates are.

Having no weapons ready for ICBM warfare, the Air Force is pressing ahead with vast facilities at Cheyenne, Omaha, Spokane, Topeka and Denver to deter or exterminate the Russian and Chinese hordes when the missiles become available. At this moment the "Free World's greatest missile center" is taking shape along 500 miles of the Pacific Coast. At Santa Maria, 165 miles north of Los Angeles, Canaveral is about to be matched, if not eclipsed, by Vandenberg Air Force Base, where SAC will fire Thors, Atlases and Titans and train its cadres for the interior missile bases. A genuine full-size Atlas is stated to be already in use for this purpose. So far Van-

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denberg—the base, exclusive of the associated tracking facilities—has cost only $0.1 billion, or $100 million. But no doubt there will be extras. A contractor is quoted as estimating that expenditures for the coastal installations are headed toward a billion dollars.

Vandenberg's hundred square miles have been designated a maximum-security area, complete with police dogs. It already has a complement of several thousand missilemen and their adjutants, and pronounces itself operational and "ready to fight." Together with the Navy's missile facility below it at Point Arguello, it will use the new Pacific missile range, costing about $5 billion. It is planned to "dedicate" Vandenberg by firing a Thor IRBM, with Atlases to follow. A "history-making event for the Coast," the Los Angeles *Times* calls it, while the correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor,* apparently more naval-minded, suggests that Point Arguello "may soon be a name as celebrated as Hollywood's own."

Vandenberg-Arguello, it is said, can fire into the Pacific over almost 180 points of the compass—a semicircle with its median radius pointing in a westerly direction. The distance to Vladivostok is roughly 6,000 miles, or within ICBM range. The Soviet missile tests have heretofore been conducted with typical Iron Curtain secrecy within Soviet borders, but since missile ranges, at least American ones, are so expensive, perhaps a cooperative arrangement could be worked out whereby we would swing our Pacific range northwest for dual use with the Russian missilemen, each side shooting in opposite directions and politely retrieving each other's nose cones and experimental mice.

HOWEVER, according to the Los Angeles *Times*, the new Air Force facility has not been cooperating even with patriotic American publicity media eager to tell the Vandenberg story. "The *Times*," its space-aviation editor comments with some asperity, "together with other newspapers, television, radio and magazines, has sought for months to get some idea of the Defense Department's news policy for Vandenberg and Pacific Range operations so plans could be made to give its readers all the news commensurate with security. But despite the months available for such a comparatively simple decision, defense officials—as of yesterday—hadn't made up their minds."

"Yesterday" was November 22. On November 25, Murray Snyder and other important Defense Department figures held a press conference at Vandenberg. It was announced that public information "ground rules" would parallel those in effect at Canaveral. There would be "open shots" on which the press would receive advance notice and background, and classified shots for which the correspondents would have to depend on nearby bars, lunch counters and motels for their information. Unless a *modus vivendi* can somehow be fabricated, relations between the press and the Vandenberg-Arguello complex may turn out to be almost as unpleasant as those currently existing between the Soviet and American armed forces. Somehow, everything having to do with missiles begins disagreeably, and may end even more so.

Can Congress Assume Leadership?.. *by Frederic W. Collins*

THE REDUCTION almost to absurdity of Republican strength in the Senate and House, plus the President's reaction to it, plus his obviously increasing disinclination actively to direct national policy, plus the innovation of a Constitutional bar to his seeking the office again, have naturally raised serious question in the public mind as to what the country is going to do for "leadership" during the next two years. The question pervades all contemplations of the new Congress, because historically the American people assume that the Constitution requires the man in the White House to orchestrate the undisciplined sounds which frequently emanate from the Legislative Branch. The easy, mechanical analogy of the vacuum is accepted, and it is supposed that because Mr. Eisenhower will not exercise leadership, some other human force will rush in to fill the void. Some feel that Vice President Nixon will promote himself from understudy. Others feel that "Congress," probably meaning Lyndon Johnson and Sam Rayburn, will gladly do what Mr. Eisenhower gladly won't.

There are reasons for believing neither of those things will happen or is even possible. And there are further reasons for believing the answer to the basic question to be, briefly, that the country will have to get along without leadership for the next two years. This is certainly true if "leadership" is used in the current popular sense of *personal* leadership, the kind provided by Franklin Roosevelt, Winston Churchill and other great chiefs. Mr. Eisenhower deliberately defaulting, there is no other way to provide this kind of direction during his term. However, a true perception of the nature of the Executive at this moment does suggest that, during the next two years, leadership of a sort will continue to exist in the impersonal institution known as "the Administration." As various issues arise, *ad hoc* leadership will be assumed by those officers of the Administration who have jurisdiction. When necessary, the officers will invoke the forms of Presidential leadership, enlisting Mr. Eisenhower to make speeches they have written, to send to Congress special messages they have drafted, to indorse legislation they propose and, on issues of great

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moment, to "go to the people" with television and radio messages (which, it is safe to say, the President will have read through at least once before delivering). This kind of leadership may in fact prove adequate for almost every issue now challenging the national judgment except the supreme issue of progress toward equality for Negroes. On this issue, the country will have to wait, because the requirement is for a moral leadership of a kind only a President, acting as his own man, strong, compelling and dedicated, can provide, and which an impersonal Administration cannot. For the rest, as far as one can see, the next two years will be more of what we've been having. Neither the Congressional elections on the one hand, nor on the other the galloping lethargy overtaking the President's Executive impulses, have created a difference in degree great enough to bring about a difference in kind.

IT WOULD be interesting to think that Mr. Nixon would usurp. He would undoubtedly like to, and might well feel that he must if he could. The key to his problem was stated in a response he made at a press conference in London. His immediate task, he said, is "to work as hard as I can to make the policies of this Administration effective so that when 1960 comes around, whoever gets the nomination, including the Governor of New York or someone else, will have the chance to win. . . ." He must perform this task while caught in a dilemma familiar to Republican aspirants. He is obliged to please the party regulars who control the nomination, without alienating the non-party people who decide the election. He can press his activities just so far before he risks seeming to usurp, risks a defensive reaction from the President, and risks counter-intrigue by his enemies in the party. In the past two years, sometimes through clandestine use of the press, sometimes by bold public gambles, he has often undertaken to lead. He advocated tax reduction as an antidepressant; he pressed for a more vigorous foreign-aid program and the liberalizing of foreign trade. In little-known maneuvers, he undertook to lead in forgiveness of the British after Suez, and in promising them that their post-Suez economic problems would receive U.S. aid. He insisted on writing the specifications for the GOP's recent Congressional campaign, and was responsible for the involvement of foreign policy in partisan politics. In all of these things, he was either acting to change the Administration's course or prodding it into movement.

BUT IN this kind of activity, Mr. Nixon is not a leader in Mr. Eisenhower's place. He is only one of a panel of *ad hoc* leaders in "the Administration"—and not the most successful one, nor the one in the best strategic position. There is remarkably little evidence in the record that Mr. Eisenhower has ever acted upon any initiative peculiarly Nixon's. The Vice President could not overcome George Humphrey, and could arrange only an uneasy alliance with Mr. Dulles. His influence on the Cabinet is determined by his powers of persuasion, not by any real authority of status. If he chooses to exercise "declaratory leadership" through tactical leaks to reporters or bold public pronouncements, the Cabinet and the party will not follow him against the President. While he might find some followers among his own party in the Senate (and dissenters, too), his access to the majority party is extremely limited. (For one thing, look over the list of Democratic committee chairmen and decide for yourself how much weight Dick Nixon can have with them.) There is almost no way in which he can influence even his own party in the House. In his public performances here or abroad, he is either a subordinate, an emissary—or a partisan or self-seeker. Perhaps Mr. Eisenhower himself thinks that Mr. Nixon has gone about as far as he can go in leadership. The President seemed to say as much in his November 5 press conference: "I don't see how his role in the Executive Branch could be greater."

To assume that the Congress might provide direction for the country during the next two years is to confuse leadership with power. Political historians define two great periods in the American evolution in which Congress filled a political vacuum created by Presidential inaction: 1809-1829, and 1865-1885. But what Congress provided during those periods was hardly leadership. It acted, it failed to act, it prevented action—but it did not provide that unitary inspiration to national action which is the essence of the leadership inherent in the Presidency. There are many ways of demonstrating that this kind of leadership Congress can never supply. The Legislative Branch, for example, does not possess the complex knowledge and the day-to-day body of information needed for quick, decisive action in these times. But a simpler way to prove the point would be to ask a couple of questions: Who pays any attention to Lyndon Johnson outside of Washington? Who, outside of Washington, gives a thought to Everett Dirksen from one end of the year to the other? Or to Sam Rayburn? Or Joe Martin? How are they going to lead, or endow their institution with leadership, when all across the country the people couldn't care less?

NO. IN THIS country, it is an inherent characteristic of the office, reinforced and extended by adaptation to the times, that the Presidency is the site of the political leadership of the country. And even when the President, voluntarily or involuntarily, relinquishes this leadership, it never moves very far away from him. For, in the American system of things, real political leadership of the country cannot exist except within the aura of the White House. In Mr. Eisenhower's day, it has come to rest in an institutionalized, mechanized, almost automated device known as "the Administration." Some authorities believe that a trend in this direction would have come about even without Mr. Eisenhower—a trend, as Professor Corwin puts it, "toward consolidation of executive power in an 'administration,' collegial rule, collective responsibility, and *ad hoc* policies flowing from completed staff work." Certainly this is the kind of leadership we can expect for the next two years.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Fishermen of Iceland

THE COMPLETE LETTERS OF VINCENT VAN GOGH. Edited by V. W. Van Gogh. Translated by Mrs. J. Van Gogh-Bonger and others. Illustrated. New York Graphic Society. 1,783 pp. Three volumes. $50.

Kenneth Rexroth

WHAT makes a good letter writer? Interesting letters. What makes letters interesting? Simplicity, directness, topicality, insight into oneself and others, spontaneity, and in most cases, genuine intimacy. Letters written for publication may be good literature for other reasons, but they are really just a special form of essay. What we want in a collection of letters is unconscious autobiography. If the writer is a great artist or a profound thinker or an important historical figure, so much the better. Van Gogh certainly fits all these desiderata. He is the ideal letter writer, and his *Collected Letters* is almost as important as his collected paintings would be and much more easily domesticated. They are not only intimate, revealing, beautifully written, but they have a special sort of sweet profundity about them that is unmatched by anyone else. What other letters could provide a popular actor with an extremely successful concert repertory? Yet there is nothing theatrical about them. They are as quiet as a conversation by the fireside in a Dutch parsonage. We think of Van Gogh as a fierce, rabid sort of personality. Perhaps this is all legend. The letters are so gentle, modest—I guess the word is endearing. And every letter is haunted by the pathos of Van Gogh's life.

The correspondence of the great artists and idealists in the history of Western Man is mostly about money. The more unworldly they were, the more it is about money. They found it scarce. They worried about it all the time. They nagged and cajoled and begged to get it. The personal correspondence of millionaires is never about money. In fact, it is considered excessively bad form ever to mention money amongst the rich, except in a place of business between the hours of ten and three.

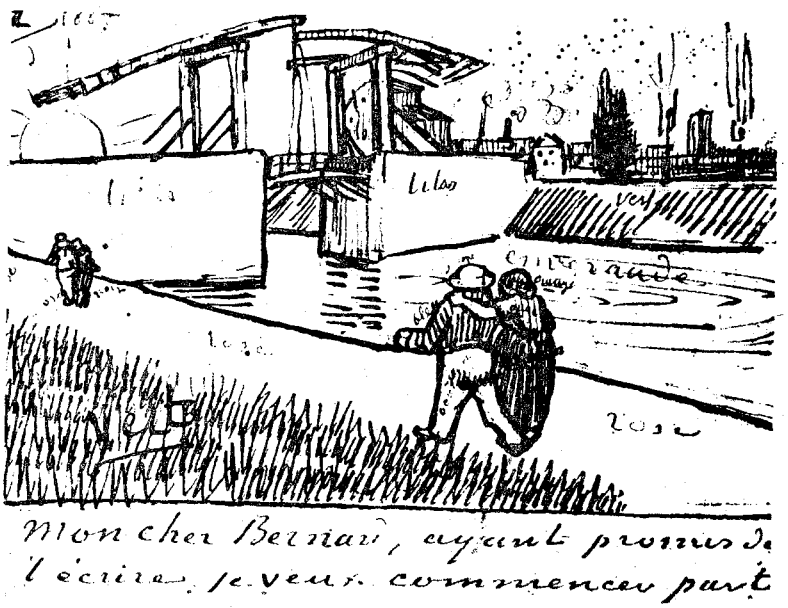
It isn't just capitalism. We don't have the real letters, but the set pieces, the verse letters of Horace and Catullus are at least implicitly about money. And it isn't even just Western Man — the Chinese poet Tu Fu is every bit as bad. The poets and artists who did not write letters about money are unknown to history — they did not survive. Everybody knows why this is. Unless the artist is in league with magic, miracle, mystery and authority, as Dostoevski put it, he may even get rich — like Rubens — but he never has what nowadays is known as security. And so he frets and schemes and begs. Blake, Baudelaire, Rembrandt, Michelangelo — Van Gogh is no exception. But if not an exception, he at least differs in several interesting ways.

IN THE first place, he was not a very revolutionary artist. In fact his early painting was the conventional "proletarian art" of the period. Sculptors like Meunier and painters like Millet were already rich from doing the same sort of thing. Then he changed to a kind of painting that was becoming quite chic, and which has remained, if not chic, at least extremely fashionable amongst the more conservative, and which has become fabulously expensive — the brightly colored, highly decorative painting produced on the border or translation zone of Neo- and Post-Impressionism. This is the last period in Western art to be genuinely popular and Van Gogh is the most popular of all. Large color prints of The Sunflowers, The Postman, The Arlesienne, The Chair, The Poolroom, The Bedroom and the others can be found decorating the over-mantel space, not in the homes of intellectuals, or even the educated, but in the homes of Negro janitors, Filipino bus boys, in the parlors of Polish auto workers in Hamtramck and Hungarian steel workers in Gary.

When the first big Van Gogh comprehensive show came to San Francisco before the Second World War, the Southern Pacific ran a "Sunflower Special," with a blow-up of the picture at the tail of the observation car, on each of its routes into town. The Palace of the Legion of Honor was accessible only after an hour's wait. This went on for weeks and broke all records for art exhibitions anywhere in the world. The intellectuals thought it was simply dreadful and did nothing but bitch. It was back in the salad days of the John Reed Clubs when all the really *au courant* young minds were busy debating the theses of Leopold Auerbach on Proletarian Culture.

The ordinary people who buy reproductions of Van Gogh's paintings and hang them on the wall think they are pretty. They make the sitting room more cheery. It killed Van Gogh to paint them. *Did it?* Is this true? Is Van Gogh some sort of Rimbaud or Dylan Thomas, burned alive in the fire of his own vision? Everybody assumes so, and the assumption is implicit in almost all the immense number of books written about him. I think it is false.

Van Gogh may have been a lay saint, but he was a simple kind of saint, like



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Brother Lawrence or St. Theresa of Lisieux, not a tormented one, like St. Theresa of Avila or St. John of the Cross or the characters of Dostoevski and Bernanos. Nobody can read these eighteen hundred pages of ingenuous communication and believe anything else unless he is totally blinded by presuppositions. If you believe that everybody must carry around an abysm in his heart, as Baudelaire said of Pascal; if you are like the French Catholic intellectuals who write articles for *Esprit* — "De Sade Belongs to Us!" — if you believe that every notorious evil-liver was seeking illumination and every disastrous life was really a clandestine career of piety; in other words, if you hold the presently fashionable apocalyptic view of human destiny; you can find it in Van Gogh if you are bigoted and persistent enough.

VAN GOGH had visions, but of miners and potato-peelers at first and then of sunflowers and chairs, never of angels or demons. They excited him, but they did not trouble him the way Ivan Karamazov's visions of similar simple things troubled him. In his young days, he was a lay preacher, not a very successful one, to be sure. He never thought of himself as bringing a torch to the countryside and the slums. His favorite episodes of the Gospel were incidents like the supper at Emaus, the widow's mite, the marriage at Cana. He thought of Jesus not as coming to bring a sword to the heart of an intellectual like Paul, but to bring just a little peace and dignity and rest to exhausted and brutalized human beings in slums and hovels. There is something profoundly Dutch about this kind of unpretentious evangelism. It is in Rembrandt, of course, but it goes back to late medieval Pietism, the Beguines and Beghards, Blessed Jan Ruysbroeck, Thomas à Kempis, a movement which involved the whole society of the Lowlands for centuries and which survives today in sects like the Mennonites. Nothing less like Baudelaire, exciting himself with a Black Mass in his mistress' boudoir, can be imagined.

What was wrong with him then? Why did he do all those crazy things that make such successful movies of his life? Something physical. There is a bit by a psychiatrist in the documents appended to these letters. It is amusing because it is in the jabberwocky of an only recently abandoned school of psychiatry and makes you realize what jabberwocky our own psychiatry will be in another fifty years. And it says absolutely nothing. Van Gogh, on the other hand, had a pretty good idea: "I have been a bit beat the way I used to be in the past, when I had that venereal trouble in the Hague and got myself looked after in the hospital." His friends had a good idea, too, the most obvious explanation. He lived a bachelor life. Artists need somebody to see that they eat. He used to paint all day in the fields without eating, come home and try to satisfy his hunger with some burned beans he had left on the stove and instead go out and quiet the demands of his stomach with liquor — pastis, probably, the little absinthe of Provence. By night he was drunk. Still excited by the day's painting and with no place else to go, he went to the whorehouses and raised Cain.

Now you can raise all the Cain you want in a whorehouse if you pay for it, but Van Gogh didn't have the money. This made him very unpopular in Arles and seems to have been one of the chief complaints of the neighbors. Such habits are annoying, but there is nothing apocalyptic about them, nothing even existentialist or eschatological. I have known dozens of the most mundane overworked commercial artists who behaved in exactly the same fashion every night. It didn't make them immortal. The snippet Van Gogh took off his ear may have made him familiar to the readers of the movie magazines; it is irrevelant to his immortality. But normal people eat, marry by the time they are his age, don't go around dressed in filthy shirt and pants covered by a ragged overcoat which has been used all winter as a paint rag. Van Gogh was abnormal; as Hokusai said of himself, he was an old man crazy about painting. He was too busy to bother, and then one day it was too late. A lot of simple things like alcohol, pellagra, spirochetes, possibly slight brain damage dating from his birth (he seems to have had mild epileptiform attacks all his life) converged on him and struck him down. Like people who make the cover of *Time*, he died of overwork.

MUCH has been made of his relations with his family. It is certainly true — to use our own jabberwocky — that the key to a psychosis is to be sought in the family constellation. I see nothing wrong with Van Gogh's and I have read all these eighteen hundred pages, mostly of very affectionate correspondence with, of course, his brother Theo, but also with all his family. Given the late nineteenth century, a Dutchman, a painter, a large family, a father who is a small-town parson, genteel poverty, the results seem to me, not just exemplary, to use Van Gogh's own estimate of his family, but positively ideal. It won't do to identify Van Gogh with the great revolts of his period. Oedipus Complex, Mother Fixation, Sibling Rivalry. If every twentieth-century American family had as few of these bogeys haunting them as the Van Goghs did, we'd all be a lot better off. Van Gogh is not a kind of self-taught Strindberg in paint, and the attempt to make him such is a sort of historical proselytism.

Of course most of the letters begin "Dear Theo," and there are those who have made much of this, as they have made much of his last days with Gauguin before the breakdown. In the first place, Theo kept all his letters; they are the ones which survive. In the second place those who find "a struggle with suppressed homosexuality" in the love of men, brothers or not, united in work to which they are passionately devoted, need to stop reading books and go to work. Gauguin is a worse than worthless witness; the Van Gogh family have disdainfully omitted only his letters from the documents of this collection — and rightly so. Gauguin was that most despicable sort of Bohemian, the artist who sponges on other artists because he hasn't the courage to attempt the rich. Even professional panhandlers and pickpockets would rather starve than prey on their own kind. So such a person is always rotten with guilt, always backbiting and boasting, always trying to kick himself free from his benefactors. Van Gogh's kindly, wistful letters about Gauguin at Arles are far saner than Gauguin's own sickening self-justifications, which are, in fact, quite paranoiac and add up to the claim that he "taught Van Gogh to paint and it was too much for his simple brain to take."

We try to fit Van Gogh's objectives into our own, we try to assimilate his art to our own post-surrealist, post-existentialist aesthetics. It won't fit. He knew very well what he was doing, step by step. He is still a boy and at home, and has been writing Theo about the Barbizon peasant painters, Millet, Breton and the rest, and the Dutch painters of the working-class:

> Uncle Cor asked me today if I didn't like "Phryne" by Gerome. I told him I would rather see a homely woman by Israels or Millet, or an old woman by Edouard Frere: for what's the use of a beautiful body such as Phryne's?

Eventually, he was to discover that his evangelism was on the wrong track. He realized when he saw the brilliance of Impressionist painting that this was what he wanted. He wanted to do certain things with it and use it for certain

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purposes. At the height of his achievement during the last days at Arles he speaks again and again of carrying on the work of Monticelli and Brias, the painters of the Midi. Now what Monticelli, like Raffaelli and even Redon did, was to use the broken color of Impressionism for decorative rather than representational ends. Van Gogh knew exactly what he was doing. And for what ends? In a curious, unconscious way, he seems to have had a premonition of modern color reproduction. (As everybody knows, he was devoted to Japanese prints.) Although he and Theo had to think of selling the paintings to "rich Americans" (for a maximum of $125!), he always writes about them as if they were going straight from his easel to the walls of the simple people who sat for his portraits. And he had discovered that what these people wanted was not a somber, gnarled painting of a starving woman peeling rotten potatoes:

> I have just said to Gauguin about this picture (La Berceuse) that when he and I were talking about the fishermen of Iceland and of their mournful isolation, exposed to all dangers, alone on the sad sea — I have just said to Gauguin that following those intimate talks of ours came the idea to paint a picture in such a way that sailors, who are at once children and martyrs, seeing it in the cabin of their Icelandic fishing boat, would feel the old sense of being rocked come over them and remember their own lullabies. Now it may be that it is like a chromolithograph from a cheap shop. A woman in green with orange hair standing out against a background of green with pink flowers. Now these discordant sharps of crude pink, crude orange and crude green are softened by flats of red and green.

Overworked, undernourished, alcoholic — in those days at Arles, Van Gogh had exalted visions, but they were visions of the utter substantiality of the real. "This, Sir," said Sam Johnson to Boswell as he kicked the rock and solved once for all the Epistemological Dilemma, "is the ineluctable modality of the visible!" Chairs, tables, beds, pool tables, people, fields, trees, flowers, caught up in the simplest decorative patterns, naive, gaudy, but designed to bring a little peace and dignity and rest and even glory to people with the most ordinary tastes — like the Marriage at Cana and the Supper at Emaus. Dutch, pietistic, evangelical—the lay evangelism of ordinary reality.

An age that prides itself on its self-consciousness and "alienation" may judge Van Gogh to be a minor painter, a decorator, who produced glorified pin-ups for sailors' cabins, but there is no question about the letters. He was indisputably one of the very greatest letter writers who ever lived. You can't get so refined that you cannot recognize his collected letters as one of the major classics of the world's literature, another of the Hundred Best Books the man forgot to put on that list.

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

WEEK by week a publishing year looks like chaos, but in retrospect the books of singular interest or permanent quality come readily forward. The problem is to remember which titles quickened interest or curiosity when first announced; hence this year-end survey.

Immediately below, the literary editor has picked from *The Nation* reviews of 1958 a small but considerably varied group of books that should capture a reader's interest and earn his gratitude (one or two books are included for which reviews are in hand but not yet published).

In the pages following, we print the customary choices by *Nation* contributors, a critical survey of the year's art books, a list of books published by *Nation* writers, and several groupings of paperbacks chosen with Christmas in mind. The roundup ends with a selection of records by the music critic.

The annual exchange of presents has become as hot and noisy a ritual as the Fourth of July picnic. We offer these checklists as a contribution to a Safe and Sane Christmas.

My Brother's Keeper. By Stanislaus Joyce. Viking. $5.

Sovereignty. By Bertrand de Jouvenel. University of Chicago Press. $4.50.

The Dark Sister. By Winfield Townley Scott. New York University Press. $3.95.

Life: An Introduction to Biology. By George Gaylord Simpson, Colin S. Pittendrigh, Lewis H. Tiffany. Harcourt, Brace. $10.

The Theatre of Robert Edmond Jones. Ralph Pendleton, editor. Wesleyan University Press. $12.50.

The Private World of Pablo Picasso. By David Douglas Duncan. Pocket Books. $1.50.

Life Plus 99 Years. By Nathan F. Leopold, Jr. Doubleday. $5.50.

The Variorum Edition of the Poems of W. B. Yeats. Peter Allt and Russell K. Alspach, editors. Macmillan. $18.

Taine's Notes on England. Edward Hyams, translator. Essential Books. $6.

Before Noon. By Ramon J. Sender. University of New Mexico Press. $6.50.

The Letters of Emily Dickinson. Thomas H. Johnson, editor. Harvard University Press. 3 vols. $25.

Bitter Lemons. By Lawrence Durrell. Dutton. $3.50.

The Sicilian Vespers. By Stephen Runciman. Cambridge University Press. $5.50.

The Ginger Man. By J. P. Donleavy. McDowell, Obolensky. $3.95.

Paterson V. By William Carlos Williams. New Directions. $3.

The Blockhouse. By Jean-Paul Clebert. Coward-McCann. $3.50.

The Affluent Society. By John Kenneth Galbraith. Houghton Mifflin. $4.75.

Social Class and Mental Illness. By August B. Hollingshead and Frederick C. Redlich. Wiley. $7.50.

Exile and the Kingdom. By Albert Camus. Knopf. $3.50.

The Road to Wigan Pier. By George Orwell. Harcourt, Brace. $4.50.

The King Must Die. By Mary Renault. Pantheon Books. $4.50.

Independent Man. The Life of Senator James Couzens. By Harry Barnard. Scribner's. $5.95.

The Letters of John Keats. Hyder E. Rollins, editor. Harvard University Press. 2 vols. $20.

Doctor Zhivago. By Boris Pasternak. Pantheon Books. $5.

The Loom of History. By Herbert J. Muller. Harper. $7.50.

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Seamarks. By St.-John Perse. Pantheon Books. $6.
Brighter Than a Thousand Suns. By Robert Jungk. Harcourt, Brace. $5.
Bizet and His World. By Mina Curtiss. Knopf. $7.50.
Irrational Man. By William Barrett. Doubleday. $5.
Parktilden Village. By George P. Elliott. Arlington Books. $3.50.
The Most of S. J. Perelman. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.
The Voyages of Joshua Slocum. Walter M. Teller, editor. Rutgers University Press. $6.

Nelson Algren

My Face for the World to See. By Alfred Hayes. Harper. $3.
I Marry You. By John Ciardi. Rutgers University Press. $2.75.
New and Selected Poems. By Kenneth Fearing. Indiana University Press. $3.95.
Chicago: A Pictorial History. By Herman Kogan and Lloyd Wendt. Dutton. $6.95.

Kay Boyle

Safe Conduct: Autobiography and Other Writings. By Boris Pasternak. New Directions. $1.35 paper.
The Complete Letters of Vincent Van Gogh. New York Graphic Society. 3 vols. $50.
Mirrors and Windows. By Howard Nemerov. University of Chicago Press. $2.75.

The Unnameable. By Samuel Beckett. Grove Press. $3.50 cloth; $1.45 paper.
Child of Our Time. By Michel del Castillo. Knopf. $3.75.

Harold Clurman

The Rediscovery of Man. By Waldo Frank. Braziller. $6.95.
Bizet and His World. By Mina Curtiss. Knopf. $7.50.
American Moderns. By Maxwell Geismar. Hill and Wang. $3.95 cloth; $1.95 paper.
Once Upon A City. By Grace Mayer. Photographs by Percy C. Byron. Macmillan and Museum of the City of New York. $15.
From a Writer's Notebook. By Van Wyck Brooks. Dutton. $3.

George Dangerfield

The Americans. By Daniel J. Boorstin. Random. $6.
Body of Waking. By Muriel Rukeyser. Harper. $3.50.
The Dehumanization of Art. By José Ortega y Gasset. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

Carl Dreher

Purely Academic. By Stringfellow Barr. Simon & Schuster. $3.95.
Independent Man: The Life of Senator James Couzens. By Harry Barnard. Scribner's. $5.95.
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Color and Integrity: Art Books

Lincoln Kirstein

AN ENORMOUS and increasing number of art books, foreign and domestic, get themselves printed and sold. Many have color. Their tints and printing have less claim to accurate representation of the original work than any sounds for sale on LP, to say nothing of stereophonic recordings. Our ears are hungrier than our eyes. Most color is so shameless that one wonders if it is *ever* useful, except to salesmen. Even in the jet age, Louvre, Prado, Brera are a long way off. Who can compare a reproduction with an original? We don't have miniature scores in front of us; you can't equate the four-color process with Hi Fi. Fruity palettes, blurred registers, any-old inking smothered under high varnish is what you can bet on getting. Few care as long as there is full color. But if you have a conscience about true color, look twice. In most books, the color is a schematic, token map to be translated. *Life's* art surveys tenderized a big public to accept mass-printing as representative of the objects photographed. The argument is that color, on a big scale, is better than nothing. Is it? It is never a substitute for the surface, texture or quality of any painting done before the last century. As for modern art, we have Braque's famous last-words when the editor of the Museum of Modern Art's monograph apologized for a certain plate: "After all, I *might* have painted it like that." A simple test is to take along monographs on Van Gogh, Picasso or Rembrandt the next time you go to the museum; often an exact comparison will be given. Then decide whether, in principle, it is not better to buy black-and-white, if the scale of reproduction is large enough and the range of tones sensitive enough to service details. Don't fall for the machine-fed, tipped-in, heavy-paper traps simply because they are Swiss, French or German manufactured. European presswork used to be better than ours, but the printers over there have recently learned all the horrid American tricks. There are enough fine monographs on rare and familiar artists, with good photographs which tell the truth as far as they can about an artist's talent; don't waste money on show-card color.

A GUIDE TO THE ART MUSEUMS OF NEW ENGLAND. By S. Lane Faison, Jr. 405 illustrations. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 270 pp. $5.

The Chairman of the Department of Art at Williams gives us a guide that is a paragon of lively taste and rational exposition; a delight to see and hold. Taking the six states in order, he not only uncovers unfamiliar beauties, but annotates known masterpieces with deft information. Not the least surprising are the new Sterling and Francine Clark Art Institute in Williamstown and the pretty collections of the Rhode Island School of Design. A perfect handbook, neat, compact and appetizing; complete maps with route-numbers, lists of additional places of interest and a good index. Not since the WPA regional guides has there been such a facility. How wonderful if every section of the country were so served.

HORIZON: A Magazine of the Arts. Bimonthly. $18 (annually).

This substantial, hard-bound book was "reviewed" in these pages [August 30, 1958] before its appearance. Nevertheless, it is only fair to greet baby, now that he's born. It is certainly no worse printed than *Life* or *Art News* for whose combined circulation it seems to be published; but alas, its letterpress eagerly fulfills *The Nation's* dreariest prediction. We start with Keats on Chapman's Homer. Surprise after surprise; the opening article is "Why Men Seek Adventure," followed by "The Golden Age of the Dutch Republic"; O.K., but is it art? Then *Time*-type think-piece on beatniks ("Howl" quoted and cleaned up, thank *goodness*). Worth the price of admission (almost) is a publicity-photo of Elvis Presley being congratulated by a mirror-monster which seems to be himself 300 pounds heavier, twenty years later, on his 16 millionth record-sale. Nature-photos illustrate a Great Book. Which Great Book? You're right: Genesis. Nice balloons, in color. Volume 2: Nice knights, in armor; capsulated Malraux; Stately Homes of England; G. B. Shaw; "comic" family-album. But *Horizon* makes its bleak and oblique commentary on this kind of shiny American publishing. As far as ideas and literary standards go, the best-edited mass magazine in the United States today is probably *Esquire.* Its sharp journalism and restless editorial acumen make *Horizon* look shier, sillier, slicker and shabbier than it may prove to be.

GRUNEWALD. By Nikolaus Pevsner and Michael Meier. 117 Photogravure and 26 color plates. Harry N. Abrams, Inc. 143 pp. $15.

"The purpose of this book is to introduce the English-speaking public to one of the greatest masters of European painting, to the greatest painter Germany has produced, and one whose fame, in spite of that, goes back even in Germany no more than fifty years." The extreme concentration of tension, terror and expressiveness in Grünewald has abruptly made him for our generation a kind of Van Gogh *avant la lettre.* This book provides a generous supply of drawings and details of paintings in gravure; without comparing color with the originals, detail sections seem far more convincing than the reduced entire panels. The text is brief, but little is known of this magnificent, harsh master. Look at this book before getting the many fat and facile books on the contemporary German Expressionists. By the terrible penetration of his Apocalyptic authority, his clairvoyant dissection and startling skill, Grünewald makes the Noldes, Kirchners, Beckmanns, Kokoschkas seem self-pitiful, weak, fragmented and un-

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done. There is a full critical apparatus and bibliography.

MODIGLIANI: Man and Myth. By Jeanne Modigliani. Translated from the Italian by Esther Rowland Clifford. 153 illustrations, 16 in full color. The Orion Press; distributed by Crown Publishers. 116 pp. $7.50.

This brief study, by a daughter who never knew her father, has the advantage of family documents, letters and photos. Scarcely professional, it is touching because of the author's devoted search for absolute "truth" about influences, drugs and alcohol. Modigliani, a myth even in his own time, appears here as a photographic negative, exact, but undeveloped. The writer's sole skill is earnestness; her artistic background, apart from friends and teachers of the artist, is barely amateur. There is a short bibliography, no index; locations are given for some works, omitted for others. Yet for anyone attracted by Modigliani's charming talent, the book has value.

THE SCULPTURE OF AFRICA. By Eliot Elisofon. Text by William Fagg. Preface by Ralph Linton. Design by Bernard Quint. Frederick A. Praeger. 256 pp. $15.

The distinguished *Life* photographer, himself a painter, has collected 405 marvelous examples of carving and metalwork. The big format, clear organization of materials according to region (this avoids the confusion which the layman is otherwise apt to feel when faced with a superficial similarity of styles), the sensible commentary, maps and quality of reproduction make it a treasure. However, the designer has seen fit in most cases to lift the objects from their photographic fields. While the contrast of black against white is thus rendered more glaring, all delicacy of silhouette is lost wherever the retoucher has had to work. Big forms are inevitably traduced; even edges disappear when reflections of light are close to the value of the page upon which they are imposed, which is not true when materials are shown against the neutral photographic background tone.

ATLAS OF THE EARLY CHRISTIAN WORLD. By F. Van der Meer and Christine Mohrman. Translated and edited by Mary F. Hedlund and H. H. Rowley. Thomas Nelson. 215 pp. $15.

One of the most beautiful, absorbing and brilliantly presented books of recent years. A visual survey of the geography, history, art, archaeology, iconography and theology of the vast Roman world as it became Christian, offered in a degree of detail that has never been attempted before. The fine quality of the Dutch-printed maps in color, the sharp gravure reproductions of excellent photographs and the splendid over-all organization of text and sequence of illustrations combine to give a superb panorama of the roots of all Western architecture, painting, sculpture and philosophy. This is a triumph of humanistic studies, a treasury of important unfamiliar information and a simple delight.

THE PROUD POSSESSORS: The Lives, Times and Tastes of Some Adventurous American Art Collectors. By Aline B. Saarinen. Random House. 423 pp. $5.95.

A gossipy breeze through the making of some important and unimportant native collections, determined as much by a personality's accessibility to anecdote as by his residual contribution to the public treasure, or any depth-analysis of taste or society. Judgments of quality reflect today's art-mart. W. R. Hearst is excommunicated as a compulsive agglomerator, but certainly the Valladolid grill and the Attic vases (bought as a boy) at the Metropolitan, the mere mass of San Simeon amount to more than the amiable enthusiasms of Edward Root or Thomas Gilcrease. The material on Freer, the Orientalist, is unfamiliar, and much valuable information is scattered throughout. Barnes, Mellon, Kress, Widener are covered in passing, but Mrs. Webb and Mr. Hirschorn are given the full treatment. We end with Peggy Guggenheim and the Rockefellers. No mention of Walter Baker or Grenville Winthrop. This work, and Russell Lynes's *The Taste Makers,* haphazardly formularize, domesticate and categorize enthusiasm, suggesting that innocent snobbery or smug caprice can be equated with shrewd speculative instincts. This gives some sense of the pride, rarely of the profound pleasure in possession. Yet love of particular objects moved these persons.

MASTERS OF PHOTOGRAPHY. Edited and with an introduction by Beaumont and Nancy Newhall. George Braziller, Inc. 192 pp. $12.50.

The Curators of George Eastman House in Rochester, New York, our chief source of photographic materials, have here filed the pictures which always crop up in the surveys and exhibitions, but which are good enough to be gathered in one volume and in so large a format. Much missed are Berenice Abbott's

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urban views, Clarence Laughlin's evocations of the Faulkner country, Brassai's quais and Eugene Smith's war. Nor does the mysterious inclusion of Dorothea Lange or Erich Salomon compensate in any degree. Reproductions are halftone; one must assume they are the best you can do for the money, but look at the Paul Strand section: half the clarity and all the depth are fogged by ordinary commercial printing. Such reproduction removes much of the residual impact from photographs—which are at best but microsections of time, studies of texture or superior journalism. Only a tiny part of the gross mass of clicked shots stays in memory or adds up to "art." Still and all, people pay for cameras and the pictures they take, and prefer them to books on painting. This is probably their book for the season.

USSR: Early Russian Icons. Preface by Igor Grabar. Texts by Victor Lazareff and Otto Demus. *MEXICO*: Pre-Hispanic Paintings. Preface by Jacques Soustelle. Introduction by Ignacio Bernal. The New York Graphic Society for UNESCO. $18 each.

EACH OF these elephant-folios contains thirty-two carefully printed plates with good texts. They are ninth and tenth in a series already honoring India, Egypt, Australia, Yugoslavia, Norway, Iran, Spain and Ceylon. Japan, Czechoslovakia and Greece will soon follow. A distinction in value may be made between reproductions which are essentially mural detail (Norway, Spain, Mexico) and those which approximate the original size of paintings (Persian miniatures and Russian icons). In the case of Mexico, it might have been more useful if the objects chosen had been codex-pages, painted cups, colored clay figures and metal work which would have been well accommodated by the format. The big mural details are monotonous; one example could have represented the category, since so few plates can be afforded.

On the other hand, the Russian icons are glorious and seem to contain the grace and power of the original. Gold is by no means solved, but the over-all glow is equalized, consistent and without varnish. As mythic image they make a grave and steady world which floats over our grosser Western concepts of the same stories, like a choir of unaccompanied male voices in frosty air.

THE PRAEGER PICTURE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ART. A comprehensive survey of painting, sculpture, architecture and crafts, their methods, styles and technical terms, from the earliest times to the present day. 192 plates in full color and 416 illustrations in monochrome. Frederick A. Praeger, Inc. 584 pp. $17.50.

Ostensibly "a venture in international publishing," this book is firmly German in orientation. Except for a token treatment of Spain, America and the Orient, the world is served in detail chiefly by cataloguing provincial German churches and masters, and even the assigned names of Greek vase-painters in German collections. For a one-volume compendium admitting at the outset that "It is difficult to define art in a single sentence," it doubtless does as well as the French and American equivalents with their own native bias. Nomenclature (glyptic for plastic; confraternity for guild-system; stucco-lustro for itself) seems oddish to us. The one-page precis of stage design comes under Architecture, has three misspellings of proper names, mentions three recent German and one English designer, none outstanding. This project started out generously and subsided from lack of editorial rigor and energy.

KLEE. By G. di San Lazzaro; *VAN GOGH*. By Frank Elgar; *PICASSO*. By Frank Elgar and Robert Maillard. Frederick A. Praeger, Inc. $5.75 each.

THESE three neat, small books go some way toward proving the author of the note at the top of this review a liar. Texts were printed in Britain, colorplates in Switzerland; much care was shown in the accuracy of the master color-transparencies, at least in the case of the few pictures one thinks one really knows. Black-and-whites, particularly of drawings, are clean, delicate and tell a lot. All the texts are modest, attractive, informative. An improved photo-offset process is used. There is blessedly no glazing, except on the jackets, so the surfaces seem closer to paint-on-canvas. Naturally such extreme reduction blots out any sense of raised-surface impasto, but even with the miniature page-size a great deal is given to freshen memory and make one wish for more. Ten years ago such books would have seemed expensive; now they are almost bargains.

The Paupers

(From the Italian of Rocco Scotellaro)

How nice being paupers at Christmas
because then the rich are good;
how nice is the crèche at Christmas,
having the lamb
in the midst of lions.

NORMAN THOMAS DI GIOVANNI

THE BELLES HEURES OF JEAN, DUKE OF BERRY, PRINCE OF FRANCE. Introduction by James Rorimer; description of the plates by Margaret Freeman. Metropolitan Museum of Art. 32 pp. $4.75.

NO MORE beautiful book exists for holiday giving than this exquisite volume prepared by the Directors of the Metropolitan Museum and its Cloisters. The thirty-four color plates, carefully printed by Draeger in Paris, who sent technicians here to supervise three years of work, are models of luminosity; gold is discreet, but it really glows. Immaculately bound in what looks and feels like vellum, crisply stamped in gold, inexpensive to the point of charity for what you get, this book is a small but exact fragment of the great treasury of the Cloisters. This museum has sponsored only two books, but what books! A smaller missal appeared last year in an equally precious edition, but it is almost monochromatic and quite tiny. This present glorious manuscript, completed by the brothers Limbourg before 1413, contains page after page of wonderful painting in perfect condition. Most memorable are facing pages of the Crucifixion at midnight, and the Deposition in full sunlight. But every page is a marvel.

DALI: A Study of His Life and Work. Text by A. Reynolds Morse. 17 illustrations in color, 98 in gravure. New York Graphic Society. 96 pp. $15.

THIS book is fourteen inches square, the gravure good, the color gorgeous technicolor. A depressing example of galloping inflation: the compulsive industry of a sizable talent, masterful manipulation by a shrewd cookie, unusually generous patronage in publication, that is the whole story of a one-man mass-movement full in the face of contemporary taste. One longs for a Knight in Shining Armor to demolish the permissive clamor of abstract-expressionism — and ends up preferring blobs, dribbles and innocent muck to the unseemly slickness of this canny vulgarian. His ferocious fingers can delineate anything and everything, but it ends as a bad joke; every form is a licked porcelain eggshell; the medium seems to be saliva. As for the ideas; words fail. A stale salad of Freud, nuclear science-fiction, neo-Platonism and Catholic mysticism, but horrid. Occasionally a loaf of bread or some dead fish turns up, realized in a desperate attempt at integrity, as if admonished by the specter of Vermeer. Book and talent: both wastes. Transcendent vulgarity pitched up to a pitiful shrillness.

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HEADS, FIGURES AND IDEAS. By Henry Moore. With a comment by Geoffrey Grigson. New York Graphic Society. 64 pp. $30.

THIS huge book, nineteen by thirteen and a half inches, is extremely well printed and prepared, reproduces loose drawings in wash, some color, pencil and ink. Moore has just placed his heroic figure before the new UNESCO Paris headquarters; some of the studies refer to it. While they rarely compare to the sketch-books of the London Underground bomb-shelters that first made Moore famous, either for mystery or mastery, there is always something touching about a good artist's first notion for big work.

He agonizes toward precision. There is the predestined failure to realize intense but vague ideals. On one handsome page, underscored in a flash of bright yellow chalk: "Don't forget dreams about UNESCO sculpture." Under a photo clipping of an 18th dynasty Egyptian head, this naked self-knowledge: "I would give everything if I could get into my sculpture the same amount of humanity & seriousness; nobility & experience, acceptance (of life), distinction and aristocracy. (With) absolutely no tricks, no affection, . . . looking straight ahead, no movement, but (more) alive than a real person." Henry Moore is one of the last to wrestle with the ancient terror of cut-stone to mean a human figure. Crag-like, he persists against the welders and junk-collectors, those commercial graphic artists who doodle portentous abstract calligraphy in spare parts. One cannot fail to salute his struggle, though it be lost. This is a sad, noble and penetrating autobiographical fragment, reconstructing the quality of a man's talent and contribution.

CARPACCIO. Biographical & Critical Study. By Terisio Pignatti. Skira. 107 pp. $5.75.

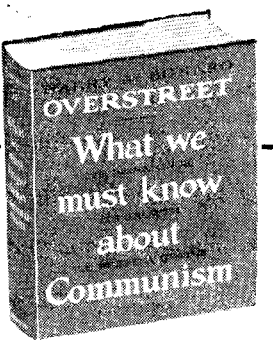
AT such a modest price it is fine to get fifty-four plates, no matter how tiny or shiny, of this great artist. Carpaccio was a master muralist; he gave his full vision of Venice as serene spectacle, in which the world's citizens performed their orderly business under a benevolent Adriatic aureole. All existence was grave pageantry and human life played itself out in the perpetual balance of natural order. It is a fairy-tale, but the mellow glory of the vision with barely a mystical edge, sparkling in the permanently fading aura of late-afternoon, is one of the most convincing creations of the Renaissance. Small hint of the size or surfaces of the original is given. Nevertheless, the images are so splendid that one is grateful for any modest memory-aid, of which this book is one.

CLAUDE MONET. Introduction and Conclusion. By Leon Degand. Historical and Critical Study by Denis Rouart. Skira. 114 pp. $5.75.

THIS small work, some seven inches square, has fifty tipped-in color plates of sharpness and brilliance on coated stock. Although the scale is miniature and reduction dims the impact of the larger compositions, there is much value in the text and arrangement of illustrations, granting the post-card size. They are better than most museum post-cards. It is good to have, in a single folding sequence, the four different times of day of the Amiens Cathedral series. Monet, from the accident that his enormous late canvases are similar to recent abstract-expressionist work, has recently enjoyed a startling re-appraisal. Such forced identification by painters and dealers is suspect. Monet suffered from double-cataract; his vast lily-ponds were no abrupt innovation but the final fulfillment of his life-long passion for the exactness of transient light in open air. When his vision became clouded he freed himself onto the broader surfaces, but this was not a case of self-indulgent improvisation. He was Impressionist to the end.

FLEMISH PAINTING FROM BOSCH TO RUBENS. Texts by Jacques Lassaigne and Robert Delevoy. Translated by Stuart Gilbert. Skira. 193 pp. $25.

THIS big volume, in the series "Painting: Color: History," is the second of three devoted to the Low Countries from Van Eyck to Van Gogh. It embodies a superior choice of individual examples; reproductions represent the best to be had. In the case of these particular works, painted in glazes, with polished surfaces, there is even a certain gain from shiny paper. Details from Bosch and Breughel are well cut from their matrix. There is a large proportion of unfamiliar paintings, yet one would not guess here that Van Dyck was a great artist, except for the Charles I. Certainly the room in Washington has six pictures superior to the two included, from German museums. Text is comprehensive; the book is heavy, awkward to hold and read, but there is much to it. Would it be impractical to print texts in small handbooks and keep plates separately in a portfolio? For the present, and short of a trip to Flanders, this is probably as good a compromise as you can get.



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Books by *Nation* Contributors

Listed below are the books published in 1958 by writers whose work also appeared in *The Nation* in that year. It is compiled as a service to readers and contributors, and indirectly as a tribute to ourselves as editors. Its impressive scope is correlated, we believe, with the authority and vitality of the material published in the magazine.

For the record, we include books published in England. Readers interested in such titles can order them through their book dealers.

HARRY S. ASHMORE. *Epitaph for Dixie.* Norton. $3.50.

E. DIGBY BALTZELL. *Philadelphia Gentlemen:* The Making of a National Upper Class. Free Press. $5.75.

HARRY BARNARD. *Independent Man:* The Life of Senator James Couzens. Scribner's. $5.95.

STRINGFELLOW BARR. *Purely Academic.* Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

GEOFFREY BARRACLOUGH. *Facsimiles of Early Cheshire Charters.* Blackwell. 60/.

CARLETON BEALS. *John Eliot:* The Man Who Loved the Indians. Juvenile. Messner. $2.95.
House in Mexico. Hastings. $4.50.

JOSEPH BENSMAN (with Arthur J. Vidich). *Small Town in Mass Society:* Class Power and Religion in a Rural Community. Princeton. $6.

WILLIAM R. BITTNER. *The Novels of Waldo Frank.* Pennsylvania. $5.

KAY BOYLE. *Three Short Novels.* Beacon. $1.60.

RICHARD CHASE. *The Democratic Vista:* A Dialogue on Life and Letters in Contemporary America. Doubleday. $3.95.

RICHARD CHURCH. *Small Moments.* Dutton. $5.

JOHN CIARDI. *I Marry You.* Rutgers. $2.75.

LOUIS O. COXE. *The Wilderness and Other Poems.* Minnesota. $2.75.

MINA CURTISS. *Bizet and His World.* Knopf. $7.50.

ALEXANDER DECONDE. *Entangling Alliance:* Politics and Diplomacy Under George Washington. Duke. $7.50.

LAWRENCE DURRELL. *Balthazar.* Dutton. $3.50.
White Eagles Over Siberia. Criterion. $3.
Bitter Lemons. Dutton. $3.50.
Sappho: A Verse Play. Dutton. $3.50.

KERMIT EBY. *For Brethren Only.* Brethren Press. $3.

RICHARD ELMAN. *A Coat for the Tsar.* Texas. $2.50.

JAMES T. FARRELL. *It Has Come To Pass.* Theodor Herzl Press. $4.50.

CHARLES A. FENTON. *Apprenticeship of Ernest Hemingway:* The Early Years. Viking. $1.45.
Stephen Vincent Benet: A Biography. Yale. $4.50.

LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI. *A Coney Island of the Mind.* New Directions. $1.

WALDO FRANK. *The Rediscovery of Man.* A Memoir of a Methodology of Modern Life. Braziller. $6.95.
Complete Poems of Hart Crane. Waldo Frank, editor. Doubleday. 95c.

WALKER GIBSON. *Come As You Are.* Hastings. $2.75.

HARRY GOLDEN. *Only in America.* World. $4.

HORACE GREGORY. *Ovid's Metamorphoses.* Viking. $7.50.
Amy Lowell: Portrait of the Poet in Her Time. Nelson. $5.

RALPH GUSTAFSON, editor. *Penguin Book of Canadian Verse.* Penguin. 85c.

DONALD HALL. *The Dark Houses.* Viking. $3.

ERROL E. HARRIS. *Revelation Through Reason.* Yale. $4.50.

IRVING HOWE (with Lewis Coser). *The American Communist Party:* A Critical History, 1919-1957. Beacon. $6.75.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS. *A Sense of the World.* Andre Deutsch. 10/6.

PAUL JOHNSON. *Journey into Chaos.* McGibbon & Kee. 15/.

WALTER KAUFMANN. *Critique of Religion and Philosophy.* Harper. $5.

JOHN KEATS. *The Insolent Chariots.* Lippincott. $3.95.

ALEXANDER LAING. *The Sea Witch.* Anniversary Edition. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. $4.50.

EARL LATHAM, editor. *The Philosophy and Policies of Woodrow Wilson.* Chicago. $5.

JOSEPH R. LEVENSON. *Confucian China and Its Modern Fate:* The Problem of Intellectual Continuity. California. $5.

DENISE LEVERTOV. *Overland to the Islands.* Jonathan Williams. $2.75.
Five Poems. White Rabbit Press. 25c.

GROVER LEWIS. *Wait for Morning, Child.* Samuel French. 50c.

WALTER LOWENFELS. *American Voices.* Roving Eye Press. $2.50.

J. S. MANIFOLD. *The Violin, the Banjo and the Bones.* An Essay on the Instruments of Bush Music. Ram's Skull Press. 10/.

EVE MERRIAM. *The Double Bed.* Cameron. $3.50.

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WALTER MILLIS. *Arms and the State.* Twentieth Century Fund. $4.
MARIAN MURRAY. *Children of the Big Top.* Juvenile. Little, Brown. $3.50.
LEONARD NATHAN. *Western Reaches.* Talisman. $2.25.
HOWARD NEMEROV. *Mirrors and Windows.* Chicago. $2.75.
LINUS PAULING. *No More War!* Dodd, Mead. $3.50.
RICHARD S. PETERS. *The Concept of Motivation.* Routledge and Kegan Paul. 14/.
KENNETH REXROTH. *100 Poems from the Greek and Latin.* Jonathan Williams. $4.
W. KENNETH RICHMOND. *The English Disease:* A Study in Despondency. Alvin Redman. 12/6.
Wild Venture. Geoffrey Bles. 21/.
ANTHONY SAMPSON. *Treason Cage:* The Opposition on Trial in South Africa. Heinemann. 21/.
WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT. *The Dark Sister.* New York University Press. $3.95.
ERNEST J. SIMMONS. *Russian Fiction and Soviet Ideology.* Introduction to Fedin, Leonov, and Sholokhov. Columbia. $4.75.
GEORGE GAYLORD SIMPSON. *Behavior and Evolution.* Edited and with chapters by Anne Roe and George Gaylord Simpson. Yale. $10.
C. P. SNOW. *The Conscience of the Rich.* Scribner's. $3.95.
The Search. Scribner's. $3.95.
EDGAR SNOW. *Journey to the Beginning.* Random House. $5.
FRANCIS SPARSHOTT. *An Enquiry into Goodness.* Chicago. $5.50.
DAVID SPITZ. *Democracy and the Challenge of Power.* Columbia. $5.
ADRIEN STOUTENBURG. *Wild Animals of the Far West.* Juvenile. Parnassus. $3.75.
Wild Treasure (with Laura Nelson Baker). Juvenile. Scribner's. $2.95.
Honeymoon. Westminster Press. $2.95.
MAY SWENSON. *A Cage of Spines: Poems.* Rinehart. $3.75.
MARK VAN DOREN. *Don Quixote's Profession.* Columbia. $2.50.
Autobiography of Mark Van Doren. Harcourt, Brace. $5.75.
ALEXANDER WERTH. *Lost Statesman:* The Strange History of Pierre Mendès-France. Abelard-Schuman. $5.
WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS. *Paterson V.* New Directions. $3.
EDMUND WILSON. *American Earthquake.* Doubleday. $6.
LOUIS ZUKOFSKY. *Barely and Widely.* Cecilia Zukofsky. $5.
5 Statements for Poetry. San Francisco State College. $1.75.

From *The Nation:*

The material in the following 1958 books was first published, wholly or in substantial parts, in *The Nation:*
JAMES AGEE. *On Film.* Collected reviews. McDowell, Obolensky. $6.
HAROLD CLURMAN. *Lies Like Truth.* Collected reviews. Macmillan. $6.
FRED J. COOK. *The Unfinished Story of Alger Hiss.* William Morrow. $3.50.
C. WRIGHT MILLS. *The Causes of World War III.* Simon & Schuster. $3.50.

Second Impressions

Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

From the Nobel Winners

Safe Conduct: *An Autobiography and Other Writings* (originally *Selected Writings;* New Directions, $1.35) and *The Last Summer,* now first translated (in *Noonday 1,* Noonday, $1.25) by Boris Pasternak are "concerned not with man but with the image of man." The writer remains stationary, and the world passes the window of his railway carriage. Pasternak loves movement and space and their lapidary recreation, like reflections in a carafe, and his pictures strike the eye more sharply than ordinary actuality.

Safe Conduct ends with the suicide of Pasternak's friend Mayakovsky in 1930; the novelette *The Last Summer* presents a dream of 1914. Both are nonpolitical but by official standards insidiously nostalgic and individualistic. The latter is in the first issue of a handsome, promising semi-annual which also includes work by Karl Jaspers, Ernst Juenger, William Earle and I. B. Singer.

The Selected Writings of Juan Ramón Jiménez (Evergreen, $1.75), sensitive translations by H. R. Hays with a good introduction by Eugenio Florit, shows Jiménez's development through an ornate "modernism" to a more subjective poetry in verse and prose, with the mystic's faculty of nuzzling the world and discovering the idea.

African Notebook by Albert Schweitzer (Indiana-Midland, $1.25; cloth, $3). Equatorial West Africa before the First World War plus gently humorous, humane, characterizing anecdotes from Schweitzer's experiences. Photographs.

The Animal World of Albert Schweitzer, Charles R. Joy, editor (Beacon, $1.75). An illuminating introduction

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Contributors include: Bertrand Russell, Albert Camus, Gil Orlovitz, Eugene Burdick, William Saroyan, e. e. cummings, George Hitchcock, William Carlos Williams, and John Shepley.

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and selections from Schweitzer's publications showing his relations with animals, his judgment of Indian, Chinese and Western ethics, and his doctrine of reverence for life. Drawings; photographs.

From Artists, on Society

Conversations with Casals, spontaneous exchanges on every subject with his friend J. Ma. Corredor (Everyman, $1.35), reveal him (he so described Theodore Roosevelt) as "a man bursting with strength, vitality and sympathy."

Lorca: The Poet and His People by Arturo Barea (Evergreen, $1.45) is a sympathetic, brilliant analysis of poems and plays by Lorca, the Falangists' victim, as spokesman for his people and of his Spanish *duende.*

The Goncourt Journals 1851-1870, Lewis Galantière, editor (Anchor, $1.25). A good selection of the brothers' vivid sketches and anecdotes which show Parisian society and the arts of the Second Empire.

Paul Gauguin's Intimate Journals (Indiana-Midland, $1.95; cloth, $3.95). Complaints against the establishment, corrupted religion and government; stories and appreciations of Van Gogh, Degas; reflections, whims, in all a moving self-revelation. Illustrated.

The Social History of Art by Arnold Hauser (Vintage, 4 vols., $1.25 ea.). A provocative, learned investigation of the mutual influences of society and the various arts from pre-history to the films, necessarily inclined to generalizing, but agile and incisive. Excellent design includes many offset illustrations.

From Older Rebels

Don Juan by Lord Byron, Leslie A. Marchand, editor (Riverside Editions, $1.25) reprints the whole mélange, "strong, lascivious, fierce, laughing," in which Byron exuberantly disrobes European and English society, satirizes its abuses and punctures many reputations.

Thoreau by Henry Seidel Canby (Beacon, $2.75) stresses the great transcendentalist's sexual repressions, his mastery of the individual sentence and the antiseptic quality of his ideas for industrialized, urbanized man.

Martin Eden by Jack London (Dell, 50c), a flamboyant semi-autobiographical novel, shows Eden bungling with the social, economic and scientific problems around 1900 and struggling to become a writer.

From Students of Politics

Political Theories of the Middle Ages by Otto Gierke (Beacon, $1.95) is the classic account of the medieval debates through which such significant concepts as monarchy, popular sovereignty, representation and legal personality were prepared for their dominating roles in the modern political scene. F. W. Maitland's introduction is of value almost equal with the text.

The Mysterious Science of the Law by Daniel J. Boorstin (Beacon, $1.95) is an absorbing account of how Sir William Blackstone took the social conditions and intellectual opinions of eighteenth-century England and so persuasively embodied them in his *Commentaries on the Laws of England* that they still exert an influence on Anglo-American legal theory and practice.

Autobiography and Other Writings by Benjamin Franklin, Russel B. Nye, editor (Riverside Editions, 75c). The authoritative Farrand text plus a whiff of shorter pieces, gay, pragmatic and reasonable.

From the Old China

Chinese Civilization by Marcel Granet (Meridian, $1.95) meticulously analyzes the bases and traces the evolution of classical Chinese social and political traditions and institutions through the Han Dynasty (202 B.C.-220 A.D.).

A History of Chinese Literature by Herbert A. Giles (Evergreen, $2.95; cloth, $4.75), a pioneering study rich in extracts and summaries, traces the interrelations of literature and civilization from Confucius to the late Manchus.

Monkey by Wu Ch'êng-ên, Arthur Waley, translator (Evergreen, $1.75; cloth, $3.50). Delightfully humorous allegorical novel of the sixteenth century; irreverent, droll and zestful.

Dream of the Red Chamber by Tsao Hsueh-chin, translated and adapted by Chi-Chen Wang (Anchor, $1.25). The great eighteenth-century novel of manners reduced to manageable size.

Yuan Mei: Eighteenth Century Chinese Poet by Arthur Waley (Evergreen, $1.75) recounts his life and literary conditions of his time and provides extensive translations.

From the Kitchen

The Art of French Cooking by Fernande Garvin (Bantam, 35c). Not *grande cuisine* but abundance and variety of authentic dishes manageable at home. Also *The Art of Italian Cooking* by Maria Lo Pinto (Bantam, 35c).

The Modern Meat Cookbook by Jeannette Frank (Dell, 50c). How to select, cook and serve meat, including poultry and game.

The Art of Barbecue and Outdoor Cooking by Tested Recipe Institute (Bantam, 50c). Not true barbecue but useful for grills and rotisseries.

For the Young

Tales of the Greek Heroes and *The*

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Tale of Troy by Roger Lancelyn Green (Puffin, 85c ea.). Sound eclectic accounts of the heroic age in rapid style, good for reading aloud or for older children.

Kidnapped by Robert Louis Stevenson (Pocket Library, 35c). One of a series well designed for secondary school ages.

Puppets by Gordon Murray and Tony Hart (Puffin, 85c). Ingenious patterns and directions for making inexpensive puppets, a stage and one's own skits. Requires sustained interest.

A Puffin Quartet of Poets, Eleanor Graham, editor (Puffin, 65c). Selections from Eleanor Farjeon, James Reeves, E. V. Rieu and Ian Serraillier, sometimes forced but varied and often whimsical and graceful. Early 'teens.

From the Novelists

Decline and Fall by Evelyn Waugh (Universal, $1.25). *The Horse's Mouth* by Joyce Carey (Universal, $1.25). *The Power and the Glory* by Graham Greene (Compass Books, $1.25). *Two Legends: Oedipus and Theseus* by André Gide (Vintage, 95c). *Confessions of Z* by Italo Svevo (Vintage, $1.25). *The Trees* (35c), *The Fields* (35c) and *The Town* (50c) by Conrad Richter (Bantam).

RECORDS of the YEAR

Lester Trimble

The following records have been of special interest among the year's new issues. In the case of works from the standard repertory, criteria have been authenticity of performance and superiority of recording techniques. With contemporary works, the quality of the music itself has been considered, in addition to the excellence of performance and recording.

BACH: *Magnificat in D:* Soloists, choir and orchestra of the Vienna State Opera. Felix Prohaska, conductor. Vanguard Bach Guild BG-555. *The Art of the Harpsichord: (Partita No. 2 in C Minor; Capriccio on the Departure of His Beloved Brother; Fantasia in C Minor;* J. K. F. Fischer's *Passacaglia in D Minor)* Wanda Landowska, harpsichordist. RCA Victor LM-2194.

BARTOK: *Six String Quartets* (complete): Parennin Quartet. Westminster XWN-18531-3. *Concerto for Orchestra:* Ferenc Fricsay and Berlin Radio Symphony. Decca DL-9951 *Five Songs, Op. 15* (with six songs from Hungarian Folk Music, Kodály): Lázló Magda, soprano; Leonid Hambro, piano. Bartók Records BR-927 (obtainable by mail order).

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 5* (with Mozart: *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik):* Karl Böhm and Berlin Philharmonic. Decca DL-9942. *Symphony No. 5* (with Schubert "Unfinished" Symphony): Felix Prohaska and Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Vanguard SRV-106. *String Quartet, Op. 135* (with *Grosse Fuge*): Barylli Quartet. Westminster XWN-18642. *String Quartet, Op. 74*: Barylli Quartet. Westminster XWN-18637. *Sonatas for Violin and Piano Nos. 1, 4, 5:* Arthur Grumiaux, violin; Clara Haskil, piano. Epic LC-3400.

BRAHMS: *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra:* Yehudi Menuhin, violin; Rudolph Kempe and Berlin Philharmonic. Capitol PAO-8410. *Symphony No. 3* (with *Tragic Overture):* Fritz Reiner and Chicago Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LM-2209. *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra No. 1:* Leon Fleisher, piano; George Szell and Cleveland Symphony Orch. Epic LC-3484. *Quintets for Strings Nos. 1 and 2:* Walter Trampler, viola, with Budapest String Quartet. Columbia ML-5281. *Magelone Lieder:* Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Joerg Demus, piano. Decca DL-9401.

BRUCKNER: *Symphony No. 4, "Romantic":* Eugen Jochum and the Symphony Orchestra of the Bavarian Radio (with *Symphony No. 7*: Eugen Jochum and the Berlin Philharmonic). 3 discs: Decca DXE-146.

DEBUSSY: *Sonata No. 1* for 'cello and piano (with Schumann *Fantasiestücke* Op. 73, and Mendelssohn Sonata No. 2): Aldo Parisot, 'cello; Leopold Mittman, piano. Overtone 16.

DELIUS: *Brigg Fair; A Song Before Sunrise; Marche Caprice; On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring; Summer Night on the River; Sleigh Ride; Fennimore and Gerda; Intermezzo.* Sir Thomas Beecham and Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. EMI-Capitol G-7111.

DVORAK: *Concerto for 'Cello and Orchestra, Op. 104:* Mstislav Rostropovich, 'cello; Sir Adrian Boult and Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. EMI-Capitol G-7109.

HAYDN: *String Quartets Nos. 1-6:*

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HINDEMITH: *Concerto for Orchestra Op. 38; Concert Music for piano, brass, and two harps, Op. 49; Ballet Overture "Cupid and Psyche":* Paul Hindemith and the Berlin Philharmonic. Decca DL-9969.

IVES: *Symphony No. 3; Three Places in New England:* Howard Hanson and the Eastman-Rochester Symphony Orchestra. Mercury MG-50149.

MENDELSSOHN: *Variations Concertantes, Op. 17* (with Schubert *"Arpeggione" Sonata* and Chopin *Sonata, Op. 65*): Aldo Parisot, 'cello, Leopold Mittman, piano. Overtone 17.

MILHAUD: *Les Choéphores* (with Honegger: *Symphony No. 5, "Di Tre Re"*): Igor Markevitch with Lamoureux Orchestra of Paris and the Chorale de l'Université. Decca DL-9956.

SAINT-SAENS: *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, No. 3; Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso; Havanaise.* Arthur Grumiaux, violin, Jean Fournet with Orchestre des Concerts Lamoureux. Epic LC-3399.

SCARLATTI: *Sonatas for Harpsichord, Vol. 19:* Fernando Valenti, harpsichordist, Westminster XWN-18705.

SCHOENBERG: *Piano Music* (complete): Edward Steuermann, pianist. Columbia ML-5216. *Moses and Aron* (opera): large ensemble conducted by Hans Rosbaud. Columbia K3L-241 (3 discs).

SCHUMANN: *A Schumann Song Recital:* Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Günther Weissenborn, piano. Decca DL-9935.

STRAVINSKY: *Agon:* Igor Stravinsky and Los Angeles Festival Symphony Orchestra (with *Canticum Sacrum:* Richard Robinson, tenor; Howard Chitjian, baritone; Igor Stravinsky and Los Angeles Festival Orchestra and Chorus). Columbia ML-5215.

TELEMANN: *Concerto in E Minor for Oboe and Strings; G Major Viola Concerto; A Minor Violin Concerto; A Major Sonata a Quattro; D Minor Oboe Concerto*: I Solisti di Zagreb. Vanguard Bach Guild BG-575.

VIVALDI: *The Four Seasons:* I Solisti di Zagreb. Vanguard Bach Guild BG-564.

WEBER, BEN: *Symphony on Poems of William Blake* (with Roger Goeb, Symphony No. 3): Leopold Stokowski and "his orchestra." CRI-120.

COLLECTIONS: *The Best of Caruso:* (2-record album containing re-pressings of thirty of the tenor's early, acoustical records). RCA Victor LM-6056.

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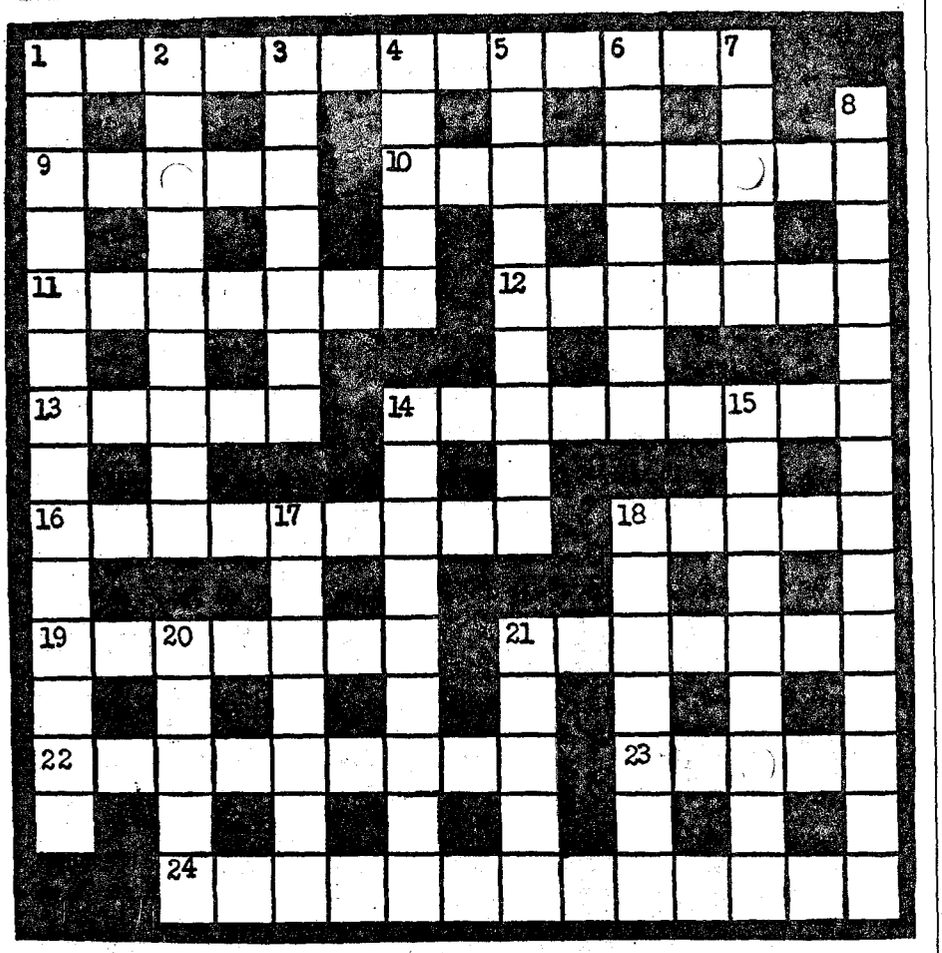
Crossword Puzzle No. 798

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 What the garage might do with parts of clocks. (7, 6)
9 No child takes notice with last month's shortening. (5)
10 This presiding officer is sort of expensive in a car. (9)
11 Aggrieved feeling. (7)
12 Such things don't come up more than once. (7)
13 Worries about women's old headdress? (5)
14 Lister? (9)
16 Proving alga is not responsible for wanting to turn back! (9)
18 Turned away by a quiet "yes" or "no". (5)
19 Should be useful in everything but ensilage. (7)
21 Honey is as wrong as a girl can make it! (7)
22 The old sailor stopped around it, and got going again. (9)
23 River of Hindustani. (5)
24 Is a U.M.W. man a reasonable synonym for "rocky"? (13)

DOWN:

1 Ouija? (5, 2, 7)
2 The French negligee responsible for that well-scrubbed look? (9)
3 Dry fruit with the wrong stone inside, or just spicy seeds? (7)
4 Is Mischa of the Spanish-English race? (5)
5 Plant where you should find a gear handy. (9)
6 Usually run by the less skilled in the shop. (7)
7 It is found in the ultimate part of Alaska. (5)
8 Would any imperfect parts by now make the angels weep? (5, 9)
14 The singular role of 1 across. (9)
15 Liszt's and Enesco's tunes might be. (9)
17 Don't take part, if the college graduate gets a bad mark. (7)
18 Are devisors likely to be agreeable? (7)
20 Bad poems, with a salty flavor? (5)
21 Likely to be struck with a device? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 797

ACROSS: 4 Rub; 6 and 1 down Matchlocks; 9 Conical; 10 Cachets; 11 and 1 across Spirit level; 13 Allocate; 15 Oarsman; 16 Legend; 17 Skew; 19 Spinach; 21 Wipe; 23 Honors; 25 and 4 down Blanket roll; 27 Premiere; 28 Shocks; 32 Erasure; 33 Shrug; 34 Sad; 35 Sisal. DOWN: 2 Vending; 3 Lections; 5 Becalm; 6 Micron; 7 and 24 down The Jack of Clubs; 8 Haste; 12 Tadpole; 13 Asinine; 14 Latches; 16 and 31 Low spirits; 18 Was; 20 Hotheads; 22 Premier; 25 Biting; 26 Arises; 27 Posts; 29 Shell; 30 Dead.

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